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506 MASSINGER (Philip) The Bond-Man,
an Ancient Storie. 4to. *good large copy, boards,*
2s. 6d. *J.R. Smith, N^o 42. 1860.* 1638



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THE
BOND-MAN:
AN
ANCIENT STORIE.

As it hath beene often acted with good
allowance, at the Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*: By
the most Excellent Princeffe, the Lady
ELIZABETH Her Servants.

By *Philip Massinger*.



LONDON,
Printed by *John Raworth* for *Edward Blackmore*, and
are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the
Angel in *Pauls-Churchyard*. 1638.



The Names of the Actors.

Timoleon, The Generall of *Corinth*.

Archidamus, the Prætor of *Syracusa*.

Diphilus, a Senatour of *Syracusa*.

Cleon, a fat impotent Lord.

Pisander (disguis'd) a Gentleman of *Thebes*.

Leosthenes, a Gentleman of *Syracusa*, enamour'd of
Cleora.

Astotus, a foolish Lover, and the Son of *Cleon*.

Timagoras, the Son of *Archidamus*.

Cleora, Daughter of *Archidamus*.

Corisca, a proud wanton Lady, wife to *Cleon*.

Olimpia, a rich Widow.

Statilia, Sister to *Pisander*, slave to *Cleora*.

Zanthia, Slave to *Corisca*.

Poliphron (disguis'd) friend to *Pisander*.

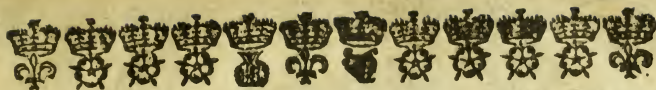
Graculo } Bondmen.
Cimbrio }

A Taylor.

149.576

May. 1873.

TO



To the Right Honourable, my
singular good Lord, PHILIP Earle of
Mountgomery, Knight of the most Noble
Order of the Garter, &c.

Right Honourable,



Ow ever I could never arrive at the happinesse to be made knowne to your Lordship, yet a desire born with me, to make a tender of all duties, and service, to the Noble Family of the *Herberts*, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead Father, *Philip Massinger*. Many yeares he happily spent in the service of your Honourable House, and died a servant to it; leaving his, to bee ever most glad, and ready, to be at the command of all such, as derive themselves from his most honour'd Master, your Lordships Father. The consideration of this, encouraged me (having no other meanes to present my humble service to your Honour) to shrowd this trifle, under the wings of your Noble protection; and I hope out of the clemencie of your Heroick disposition, it will find, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet at the worst a gracious pardon. When it was first acted, your Lordships liberal all suffrage taught others to allow it for currant, it having received the undoubted stamp of your Lordships allowance: and if in the perusall of any vacant houre, when your Honours more serious occasions shall give you leave to read it, it answer in your Lordships judgement the report and opinion it had upon the Stage, I shall esteem my labors not ill employ'd, and while I live continue

*The humblest of those that
truly honour your Lordship,*



The *Authors* Friend to the
Reader.

*T*He Printers hast calls on ; I must not drive
my time past Sixe, though I begin at Five.
One houre I have entire ; and 'tis enough,
Here are no Gipsie jigs, no Drumming stufte,
Dances, or other Trumpery to delight,
Or take, by common way, the common sight.
The Author of this Poem, as he dares
To stand th'ousterest Censure ; so he cares
As little what it is. His owne, best way
Is to be Iudge, and Author of his Play.
It is his Knowledge, makes him thus secure ;
Nor do's he write to please, but to indure.
And (Reader) if you have disburs'd a shilling,
To see this worthy Story, and are willing
To have a large increase ; (if wuld by me)
You may a Merchant, and a Poet be.
'Tis granted for your Twelve-pence you did sit,
And See, and Heare, and Vnderstand not yet.
The Author (in a Christian pity) takes
Care of your good, and Prints it for your sakes.
That such as will but venture Sixe-pence more,
May Know what they but Saw, and Heard before.
'Twill not be money lost, if they can read,
(There's all the doubt now,) but your gaines exceed
If you can Vnderstand, and you are made
Free of the freest, and the noblest Trade.
And in the way of Poetry, now adaies,
Of all that are call'd Works, the best are Plaies.



The Bond-man.

ACT. I. SCÆN. I.

Enter Timagoras, and Leosthenes.

Timagoras.

WHy should you droop *Leosthenes*, or despaire
My Sisters favour? what before you purchased
By Court-ship, and faire language, in these wars
(For from her soule you know she loves a souldier)

You may deserve by action.

Leost. Good *Timagoras*,

When I have said my friend; think all is spoken
That may assure me yours; and pray you believe
The dreadful voice of warre that shakest the City,
The thundring threats of *Carthage*; nor their armie
Rais'd to make good their threats, affright not me.

If faire *Cleora* were confirm'd his prize
That has the strongest arm, and sharpest sword,

I would court *Bellona* in her horrid-trime,
As if she were a Mistris, and blesse Fortune

That offers my young valour to the prooffe,
How much I dare do for your Sisters love.

But when that I consider how averse
Your noble Father great *Archidamus*

Is, and hath ever been to my desires,
Reason may warrant me to doubt and feate,

What seeds soever I sow in these warres
Of noble courage, his determinate will

May blast, and give my harvest to another,
That never toil'd for it.

Timag. Prethee do not nourish

These jealous thoughts; I am thine (and pardon me

The Bond-man.

Though I repeat it my *Timagoras*)
That for thy sake when the bold *Theban* su'd
Farre-fam'd *Pisander*, for my Sisters love,
Sent him disgrac'd, and discontented home.
I wrought my Father then, and I that stopt not
In the careere of my affection to thee,
When that renowned Worthy that brought with him
High birth, wealth, courage, as see'd Advocates
To mediate for him, never will consent
A foole that only has the shape of man,
Astus, though he be rich *Cleons* heire,
Shall beare her from thee. *Enter Pisander.*

Leof. In that trust I love.

Timag. Which never shall deceive you.

Pisan. Sir the Generall

Timoleon by his Trumpets hath given warning
For a remove.

Timag. Tis well, provide my Horse.

Pisan. I shall Sir. *Exit Pisander.*

Leof. This Slave has a strange aspect.

Tim. Fit for his fortune, tis a strong lim'd knave;
My Father bought him for my sisters Litter.
O pride of women! Coaches are too common,
They suffer in the happinesse of peace,
And Ladies think they keep not state enough,
If for their pomp, and ease, they are not born
In triumph on mens shoulders.

Leof. Who commands
The *Carthaginian* Fleet?

Timag. *Gisco's* their admirall,
And tis our happinesse, a raw young fellow,
One never train'd up in arms, but rather fashion'd
To tilt with Ladies tips, than crack a Lance,
Ravish a feather from a Mistris fan,
And weare it as a favour: a Steele helmet
Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack
His womans neck.

Leof. No more of him, the motive's
That *Corinth* gives us aid.

Timag. The common danger

For Sicily being on fire, she is not safe;
It being apparent that ambitious Carthage,
That to enlarge her Empire strives to fasten
An unjust gripe on us (that live free Lords
Of Syracuse) will not end, till Greece
Acknowledge her their Sovereign.

Leof. I am satisfy'd.

What think you of our Generall?

Tima. He is a man

A Trumpet sounds.

Of strange and reserv'd parts; but a great souldier.
His trumpets call us, I'll forbear his Character;
To morrow in the Senate house at large
He will expresse himself.

Leof. I'll follow you.

ACT. I. SC. 2.

Cleon, Corisca, Graculo.

Coris. Nay good Chuck.

Cleon. I have said it; stay at home,
I cannot brook with gadding, you are a faire one,
Beauty invites temptation, and short heels
Are soon tripp'd up.

Coris. Deny me, by my honour
You take no pity on me. I shall swoune
As soon as you are absent, ask my man else,
You know he dares not tell a lie.

Grac. Indeed,
You are no sooner out of sight, but she
Do's feele strange qualmes, then sends for her young Doctor,
Who ministers physick to her, on her back,
Her Ladiship lying as she were intranc'd.
(I have peep'd in at the key-hole and observ'd them)
And sure his Potions never faile to work,
For she is so pleasant in the taking them,
She tickles again.

Coris. And all's to make you merry
When you come home.

Cleo. You flatter me, I am old,
And wisdome cries beware.

Coris.

Corisc. Old, Duck to me
You are young *Adonis*.

Grac. Well said *Venus*,
I am sure she *Vulcan*s him.

Corisc. I will not change thee
For twenty boistrous young things without beards.
These bristles give the gentlest titillations,
And such a sweet dew flowes on them. it cures
My lips without Pomatum; here's a round belly,
'Tis a downe pillow to my back. I sleep
So quietly by it; and this tunable nose
(Faith when you heare it not) affords such musick,
That I curse all night Fiddlers.

Grac. This is grosse,
Not find she flouts him.

Corisc. As I live I am jealous.

Cleon. Jealous! of me wife?

Corisc. Yes, and I have a reason,
Knowing how lusty and active a man you are.

Cleon. Hum, hum!

Grac. This is no cunning quean! 'Tis right, she will make him
To think, that like the Stag he has cast his horns,
And is grown young again.

Corisc. You have forgot what you did in your sleep,
And when you wak'd call'd for a Cawdle.

Grac. 'Twas in his sleep,
For waking I durst trust my mother with him.

Corisc. I long to see the man of warre *Cleora*
Archidamus Daughter goes, and rich *Olimpa*,
I will not misse the show.

Cleon. There's no contending,
For this time I am pleas'd, but I le no more on't.

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCEN. 2.

Archidamus, Cleon, Diphilus, Olympia, Corisca,
Cleora, Zanthia.

Archid. So carelesse we have been, my noble Lords,
In the disposing of our own affaires,
And ignorant in the art of government,

That

That now we need a stranger to instruct us.
Yet we are happy, that our neighbour *Corinth*
(Pittyng the unjust gripe *Carthage* would lay
On *Syracusa*) hath vouchsafed to lend us
Her man of men *Timoleon* to defend
Our Countrey and our liberties.

Diph. Tis a favour

We are unworthy of, and we may blush,
Necessity compells us to receive it.

Archid. O shame! that we that are a populous nation,
Ingag'd to liberall nature, for all blessings!
An Island can bring forth; we that have limbs,
And able bodies; Shipping, armes, and treasure,
The sinewes of the warre, now we are call'd
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce
One fit to be our Generall.

Cleon. I am old and fat,
I could say something else.

Archid. We must obey

The time, and our occasions, ruinous buildings,
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,
Must use supporters; we are circled round
With danger, o're our heads with saile-stretch'd wings
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us,
That may divert it, but our sleeping vertue
Rous'd up by brave *Timoleon*.

Cleon. When arrives he?

Diph. He is expected every houre.

Archid. The braveries

Of *Syracusa*, among whom my son
Timagoras, *Leosthenes*, and *Asotas*
(Your hopefull heire Lord *Cleon*) two daies since
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The City, every minute we expect
To be blest with his presence.

Cleon. What shout's this?

Diph. Tis seconded with loud musick.

Archid. Which confirms

His wish'd for entrance. Let us entertain him

With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From slavery, and oppression.

Cleon. I'll lock up
My doores, and guard my gold; these Lads of *Corinth*
Have nimble fingers, and I feare them more,
Being within our walls, than those of *Carthage*,
They are farre off.

Archid. And Ladies be it your care
To welcome him and his followers with all duty:
For rest resolv'd, their hands and swords must keep you
In that full height of happinesse you live:
A dreadfull change else followes. *Exe. Arch. Cleon, Diph.*

Olymp. We are instructed.

Corisc. I'll kisse him for the honour of my Countrey
With any she in *Corinth*.

Olymp. Were he a Courtier,
I have sweet meat in my Closet should content him,
Be his pallat nere so curious.

Corisc. And if need be,
I have a Couch, and a banquetting house in my Orchard,
Where many a man of honour has not scorn'd
To spend an afternoon.

Olm. These men of war,
As I have heard, know not to court a Lady,
They cannot praise our dressings, kisse our hands,
Vsher us to our Litters, tell love stories,
Commend our feet, and legs, and so search upwards.
A sweet becoming boldnesse; they are rough,
Boistrous and sawcie, and at the first sight
Ruffle, and towse us, and as they find their stomachs
Fall roundly to it.

Corisc. Troth I like em the better,
I cannot indure to have a perfum'd Sir
Stand cringing in the hammes; licking his lips
Like a Spaniel over a Firmity pot, and yet
Has not the boldnesse to come on, or offer
What they know we expect.

Olymp. We may commend
A Gentlemans modesty, manners, and fine language,

His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,
The wearing of his cloaths, his faire complexion,
Take presents from him, and extoll his bounty,
Yet, though he observe, and wast his state upon us,
If he be stanch, and bid not for the stock
That we were born to traffick with; the truth is,
We care not for his company.

Corisc. Musing *Cleora*?

Olimp. She's studying how to entertain these strangers,
And to grosse them to her self.

Cleora. No surely,
I will not cheapen any of their wares,
Till you have made your market; you will buy
I know at any rate.

Corisc. She has given it you.

Olimp. No more, they come.
The first kisse for this jewell.

Archid. It is your feat.

Which with a generall suffrage
As to the supreme Magistrates surely tenders,
And praises *Timoleon* to accept.

Timol. Such honours
To one ambitious of rule or titles,
Whose heaven on earth, is plac'd in his command,
And absolute power on others, would with joy,
And veines swoln high with pride, be entertain'd.
They take not me; for I have ever lov'd
An equall freedome, and proclam'd all such
As would usurp anothers liberties,
Rebells to nature, to whose bounteous blessings
All men lay claim as true legitimate sonnes.
But such as have made forfeit of themselves
By vitious courses, and their birth-right lost,
Tis not injustice they are mark'd for slaves,
To serve the vertuons; For my self, I know
Honours and great employments are great burthens,
And must require an *Atlas* to support them.
He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly indu'd
With depth of Vnderstanding, height of courage,

Enter Timag. Leost. Asot.
Timoleon in black, lead in
by Archi. Diph. Cleon, fol-
lowed by Pisander, Grac-
culo, Cimbrio, and others.

The Bond-man.

And those remarkable graces which I dare not
Ascribe unto my self.

Archid. Sir, empty men
Are Trumpets of their own deserts, but you
That are not in opinion, but in proof
Really good, and full of glorious parts,
Leave the report of what you are to fame,
Which from the ready tongues of all good men
Aloud proclames you.

Diph. Besides you stand bound,
Having so large a field to exercise
Your active vertues offer'd you, to impart
Your strength to such as need it.

Timoleon. Tis confessed.
And since you'll have it so, such as I am,
For you and for the liberty of *Greece*
I am most ready to lay down my life:
But yet consider men of *Syracusa*,
Before that you deliver up the power,
Which yet is yours, to me, to whom 'tis given
To an impartiall man, with whom nor threats,
Nor prayers shal prevaile, for I must steere
An even course.

Archid. Which is desir'd of all.

Timol. *Timophanes* my brother, for whose death
I am tainted in the world, and foulely tainted,
In whose remembrance I have ever worn,
In peace an warre, this livery of sorrow
Can witness for me how much I detest
Tyranous usurpation: with grief
I must remember it; for when no perswasion
Could win him to desist from his bad practice,
To change the Aristocracie of *Corinth*
Into an absolute Monarchy, I chose rather
To prove a pious and obedient son
To my Countrey my best mother, than to lend
Assistance to *Timophanes*, though my brother,
That like a Tyrant strove to set his foot
Vpon the Cities freedome.

Timag. 'Twas a deed

Deserving rather trophies, than reproof from satisfaction by LBA)

Leost. And will be still remembered to your honor,

If you forsake us not.

Diph. If you free Sicily

From barbarous Carthage yoke, it will be said

In him you slew a tyrant.

Archid. But giving way

To her invasion, not vouchsafing us

(That flie to your protection) ayd, and comfort,

'Twill be believ'd, that for your private ends

You kill'd a brother.

Timol. As I then proceed,

To all posterity may that act be crown'd

With a deserv'd applause, or branded with

The mark of infamy; Stay yet, ere I take

This seat of justice, or ingage my self

To fight for you abroad, or to reform

Your State at home, swear all upon my sword,

And call the gods of Sicily to witnesse

The oath you take; that whatsoever I shall

Propound for safety of your Common-wealth,

Not circum-scrib'd or bound in, shall by you

Be willingly obey'd.

Archid. Diph. Cleon. So may we prosper,

As we obey in all things.

Timag. Leost. Afo. And observe

All your commands as Oracles.

Timol. Do not repent it.

Takes the State.

Olimp. He asked not our consent.

Corisc. He's a clown I warrant him.

Olimp. I offred my self twice, and yet the Churle

Would not salute me.

Corisc. Let him kisse his Drum;

I'le save my lips I rest on it

Olimp. He thinks women

No part of the republike.

Corisc. He shall find

We are a Common-wealth.

Cleora. The lesse your honour!

Timol. First then a word or two, but without bitternesse,

(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer)
Concerning your ill government of the State.
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich
Stand in the first file guilty.

Cleon. Ha! how is this?

Timol. You have not as good Patriots should do, studied
The publike good, but your particular ends:
Factious among your selves, preferring such
To offices and honours, as ne'r read
The elements of saving policie,
But deeply skill'd in all the principles
That usher to destruction.

Leost. Sharp.

Timag. The better.

Timol. Your Senat house which us'd not to admit
A man (how ever popular) to stand
At the Helme of government, whose youth was not
Made glorious by *Achon*, whose experience
Crown'd with gray haire, gave warrant to her counsels
Hand, and receiv'd with reverence is now fill'd
With green heads that determine of the State
Over their cups, or when their fated lusts
Afford them leisure; or supply'd by those
Who rising from base arts, and sordid thrift
Are eminent for wealth, not for their wisdom,
Which is the reason, that to hold a place
In counsell, which was once esteem'd an honour,
And a reward for vertue, hath quite lost
Lustre, and reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.

Timag. He speaks home.

Leost. And to the purpose.

Timol. From whence it proceeds
That the treasure of the City is ingross'd
By a few private men, the publike coffers
Hollow with want, and they that will not spare
One talent for the common good, to feed
The pride and bravery of their wives, consume
In plate, in jewells, and superfluous slaves,
What would maintain an armie.

Corisc. Have at us.

Olymp. We thought we were forgot.

Cleora. But it appears

You will be treated of.

Timol. Yet in this plenty,

And fat of peace, your young men ne're were train'd

In Martiall discipline, and your ships unrigg'd

Rot in the harbour, nor defence prepar'd,

But thought unusefull, as if that the gods

Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you

A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,

Nor change fear'd or expected. Now you find

That *Carthage* looking on your stupid sleeps,

And dull secureship, was invited to

Invade your Territories.

Archid. You have made us see, Sir,

To our shame, the Countries sicknesse: now from you,

As from a carefull and a wise Physitian,

We do expect the cure.

Timol. Old festred sores

Must be lane'd to the quick and cauteriz'd,

Which born with patience, after Ile apply

Soft Vnguents: For the maintenance of the war

It is decreed all monies in the hand

Of private men shall instantly be brought

To the publike Treasure.

Timag. This bites sore.

Cleon. The cure

Is worse than the disease; I'll never yeeld to it.

What could the enemy, though victorious,

Inflieft more on us? all that my youth hath toil'd for,

Purchac'd with industry, and preserv'd with care,

Forc'd from me in a moment.

Diph. This rough course

Will never be allow'd of.

Timol. O blind men!

If you refuse the first means that is offer'd,

To give your wealth, no hope's left to recover

Your desp'rate sicknesse: Do you prize your muck

Above your liberties? and rather choose

To be made Bond-men, then to part with that
To which already you are slaves? or can it
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,
You can capitulate with the Conquerour,
And keep that yours, which they come to possess,
And while you kneel in vain will ravish from you?
But take your own waies, brood upon your gold,
Sacrifice to your idoll, and preserve
The prey intire, and merit the report
Of carefull Stewards, yeeld a just account
To your proud Masters, who with whips of iron
Will force you to give up what you conceale,
Or teare it from your throats; adorn your walls
With Persian hangings wrought of Gold and Pearle;
Cover the floores on which they are to tread
With costly Median silks; perfume the roomes
With Cassia and Amber, where they are
To feast and revell, while like servile groomes
You wait upon their trenchers; feed their eyes
With massy Plate untill your Cupbords crack
With the weight that they sustain; set forth your wives
And daughters in as many vary'd shapes
As there are Nations, to provoke their lusts,
And let them be imbrac'd before your eyes,
The object may content you; and to perfit
The entertainment, offer up your sonnes,
And able men for slaves, while you, that are
Vnfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starve
Vnpittied in some Desart, no friend by,
Whose sorrow may spare one compasionat teare
In the remembrance of what once you were.

Leost. The blood turns.

Timag. Observe how old Cleon shakes,
As if in picture he had shown him what
He was to suffer.

Corisc. I am sick, the man
Speaks ponyards, and diseases.

Olimp. O my Doctor,
I never shall recover.

Cleora. If a Virgin,

Whose speech was ever yet usher'd with feare,
One knowing modesty and humble silence
To be the choicest ornaments of our sexe,
In the presence of so many reverend men,
Struck dumb with terrour and astonishment,
Presume to cloath her thought in vocall sounds,
Let her find pardon. First, to you, great Sir,
A bashfull Mayds thanks, and her zealous prayers
Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to heaven
For all prosperity, that the gods can give
To one, whose piety must exact their care,
Thus low I offer.

Timol. Tis a happy Omen.

Rise blest one, and speak boldly : on my vertue
I am thy warrant, from so cleere a spring
Sweet Rivers ever flow.

Cleora. Then thus to you

My noble Father, and these Lords, to whom
I next owe duty, no respect forgotten
To you my Brother, and these bold young men
(Such I would have them) that are, or should be
The Cities sword and target of defence.
To all of you I speak ; and if a blush
Steale on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove
Your palenessse, willingly I would not say
Your cowardise, or feare ; think you all treasure
Hid in the bowells of the earth, or ship-wrac'd
In *Neptunes* watry Kingdome, can hold weight,
When Liberty and honour fill one scale,
Triumphant Justice sitting on the beam :
Or dare you but imagine that your gold is
Too deare a salarie for such as hazard
Their blood, and lives in your defence ? For me
An ignorant Girle, beare witnessse heaven so farre,
I prize a Souldier, that to give him pay,
With such Devotion as our *Flamens* offer
Their Sacrifices at the holy Altar,
I do lay down these jewells, will make sale
Of my superfluous wardrobe to supply
The meanest of their wants.

Timol. Brave masculine spirit!

Diph. We are shown to our shame what we in honour
Should have taught others.

Archid. Such a fare example
Must needs be followed.

Timag. Ever my deare sister,
But n w our Families glory.

Leof. Were she deform'd,
The vertue of her mind would force a Stoick
To sue to be her servant.

Cleon. I must yeeld,
And though my heart bloud part with it, I will
Deliver in my wealth.

Afot. I would say somthing.
But the truth is, I know not what.

Timol. We have money,
And men must now be thought on.

Archid. We can presse
Of Labourers in the Countrey (men inur'd
To cold and heat) ten thousand.

Diph. Or if need be,
In roll of slaves, lusty and able Varlets,
And fit for service.

Cleon. They shall go for me,
I will not pay and fight too.

Cleora. How! your slaves?
O stain of honour! once more, Sir, your pardon,
And to their shames let me deliver what
I know in justice you may speak.

Timol. Most gladly.
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ
Than your tongue to expresse them.

Cleora. Are you men?
(For age may qualifie, though not excuse
The backwardnesse of these) able young men?
Yet now your Countries liberty's at the stake,
Honour, and glorious triumph made the garland
For such as dare deserve them; a rich feast
Prepar'd by Victory of immortall viands,
Not for base men, but such as with their swords

Dare force admittance, and will be her guests.
 And can you coldly suffer such rewards
 To be propos'd to labourers and slaves?
 While you that are born noble (to whom these
 Valued at their best rate, are next to Horses,
 Or other beasts of carriage) cry ay me,
 Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth
 Make them become your Masters?

Timol. By my hopes,
 There's fire enough in this to make
Thersites valiant.

Cleara. No; farre, farre be it from you,
 Let those of meaner quality contend,
 Who can indure most labour; plow the earth,
 And think they are rewarded, when their sweat
 Brings home a fruitfull harvest to their Lords;
 Let them prove good artificers, and serve you
 For use and ornament; but not presume
 To touch at what is noble, if you think them
 Vnworthy to tast of those Cates you feed on,
 Or wear such costly garments; will you grant them
 The priviledge and prerogative of great minds,
 Which you were born to? Honour won in warre,
 And to be stil'd preservers of their Countrey,
 Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,
 And not for bond-men, had I been born a man;
 And such ne're dying glories made the prize
 To bold Heroike courage, by *Diana*,
 I would not to my Brother, nay my Father,
 Be brib'd to part with the least piece of honour
 I should gain in this action.

Timol. She's inspir'd,
 Or in her speaks the Genius of your Countrey,
 To fire your blood in her defence. I am rap'd
 With the imagination. Noble mayd,
Timoleon is your Souldier, and will sweat
 Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home
 Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear
 Your colours, Lady, and though youthfull heats
 That look no further than your outward form,

Are long since buried in me, while I live,
I am a constant lover of your mind,
That does transcend all presidents.

Cleora. Tis an honour, *Gives her Scarf.*
And so I do receive it.

Corisc. Pox upon it,
She has got the start of us. I could ev'n burst
With envie at her fortune.

Olimp. A raw young thing,
We have too much tongue sometimes our husbands say,
And she out-strips us.

Leof. I am for the journey.

Timag. May all diseases sloth and lechery bring,
Fall upon him that staies at home.

Archid. Though old,
I will be there in person.

Diph. So will I.
Me thinks I am not what I was, her words
Have made me younger by a score of yeares,
Than I was when I came hither.

Cleon. I am still
Old *Cleon*, fat and unweldy, I shall never
Make a good souldier, and therefore desire
To be excus'd at home.

Afo. Tis my suit too.
I am a gristle, and these spider fingers
Will never hold a sword. Let us alone
To rule the Slaves at home, I can so yerk 'em,
But in my conscience I shall never prove
Good Iustice in the warre.

Timol. Have your desires,
You would be burthens to us, no way aids.
Lead fairest to the Temple, first we'l pay
A sacrifice to the gods for good successe.
For, all great actions the wish'd course do run,
That are, with their allowance, well begun. *Exeunt all but*

Pisan. Stay *Cimbrio*, and *Graculo.* *the Slaves.*

Cimb. The businesse?

Pisan. Meet me to morrow night neere to the Grove
Neighbouring the East part of the City.

Grac. Well.

Pisan. And bring the rest of our condition with you,
I have something to impart may break our fetters,
If you dare second me.

Cimb. We'l not faile.

Grac. A cart-rope
Shall not bind me at home.

Pisand. Think on't, and prosper.

Exeunt.

ACT. 2. SCÆN. I.

*Archidamus, Timagoras, Leosthenes, with Gorgets,
Pisander.*

Archid. So, so, 'tis well, how do I look?

Pisan. Most sprightly.

Archid. I shrink not in the shoulders, though I am old,
I am tough, Steele to the back, I have not wasted
My stock of strength in feather-beds: here's an arm too,
There's stufie in't, and I hope will use a sword
As well as any beardlesse boy of you all.

Timag. I am glad to see you, Sir, so well prepar'd
To indure the travaile of the warre.

Archid. Go to firrah,
I shall indure, when some of you keep your Cabins,
For all your flaunting feathers, nay *Leosthenes*
You are welcome too, all friends and fellowes now.

Leost. Your servant Sir.

Archid. Pish, leave these complements,
They stinck in a souldiers mouth, I could be merry,
For now my Gown's off, farwell gravity.
And must be bold to put a question to you,
Without offence, I hope.

Leost. Sir, what you please.

Archid. And you will answer truly?

Timag. On our words, Sir.

Archid. Go to, then, I presume you will confesse,
That you are two notorious whore-masters.
Nay, spare your blushing, I have been wild my self,
A snatch, or so, for physick, does no harm:
Nay, it is physick, if us'd moderately,

But to lie at rack and manger.

Leost. Say we should grant this,
For if we should deny it, you'l not beleeve us,
What will you inferre upon it?

Archid. What you'l groan for,
I feare, when you come to the rest. Old stories tell us
There is a Moneth call'd October, which brings in
Cold weather, there are trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,
In gallants breeds the tooth-ach; there's a sport too,
Nam'd lying *Perdieu* (do you mark me) 'tis a game,
Which you must learn to play at: now in these seasons,
And choise variety of exercises,
(Nay I come to you) and fast not for Devotion,
Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations,
And in a frosty morning looks as if
He could with ease creep in a pottle pot
In stead of his Mistris placket, then he curses
The time spent in midnight visitations,
And finds, what he superfluously parted with,
To be reported good, at length, and well breath'd,
But if retriv'd into his back again, *Ente. Diph. & Cleora.*
Would keep him warmer than a Scarlet waist-coat.
Or an armour lin'd with furre. O welcome, welcome,
You have cut off my discourse, but I will perfit
My lecture in the Camp.

Diph. Come, we are stay'd for,
The Generall's a fire for a remove,
And longs to be in action.

Archid. Tis my wish too.
We must part, nay no tears, my best *Cleora*,
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of blessings on thee, all that's mine,
I give up to thy charge, and firrah, look
You with that care and reverence observe her,
As you would pay to me; a kisse, farewell *Girl*,

Diph. Peace wait upon you, faire one. *Ex. Archid. Diph.*

Timag. 'Twere impertin^{ce} *Pisander.*
To wish you to be carefull of your Honour,
That ever keep in pay a Guard about you

The Bond-man.

Of faithfull vertues : Farwell friend, I leave you
To wipe our kisses off, I know that Lovers
Part with more circumstance and ceremony,
Which I give way to. *Exit Timag.*

Leofst. Tis a noble favour,
For which, I ever ow you, we are alone,
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I am yet to learn.

Cleora. And still continue ignorant,
For I must be most cruell to my self,
If I should teach you.

Leofst. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slacknesse, you have fir'd me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you,
And the least spark of honour, that tooke life
From your sweet breath, still fam'd by it, and cherish'd,
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I
Am much unworthy.

Cleora. May it not burn here,
And as a Sea-mark serve to guide true Lovers
(Toft on the Ocean of luxurious wishes)
Safe from the rocks of lust into the harbour
Of pure affection? rising up an example,
Which after times shall witness to our glory,
First took from us beginning.

Leofst. Tis a happinesse,
My duty to my Countrey, and mine Honour
Cannot consent to, besides, adde to these,
It was our pleasure, fortify'd by perswasion,
And strength of reason, for the generall good,
That I should go. *Cleora.* Alas, I then was witty
To plead against my self, and mine eye fix'd
Vpon the hill of Honour, ne're descended
To look into the vale of certain dangers,
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.

Leofst. Ple stay at home then.

Cleora. No, that must not be,
For so to serve my own ends, and to gain
A petty wreath my self, I rob you of

A certain triumph, which must fall upon you.
Or Vertu's turn'd a hand-mayd to blind fortune:
How is my soule divided! to confirm you
In the opinion of the world, most worthy
To be belov'd (with me you are at the height,
And can advance no further) I must send you
To court the goddess of stern warre, who if
She see you with my eyes, will ne're return you,
But grow enamour'd of you.

Leof. Sweet, take comfort;
And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
Or I am wretched; all the dangers, that
I can encounter in the war, are trifles;
My enemies abroad to be contem'd;
The dreadfull foes, that have the power to hurt me,
I leave at home with you.

Cleor. With me?

Leof. Nay, in you,
In every part about you, they are arm'd
To fight against me.

Cleor. Where?

Leof. Ther's no perfection
That you are Mistress of, but musters up
A Legion against me, and all sworn
To my destruction.

Cleor. This is strange!

Leof. But true, sweet,
Excesse of love can work such miracles.
Vpon this Ivory forehead are intrench'd
Ten thousand rivalls, and these Sunnes command
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable beames; these Ruby lips,
A rich Exchequer to assure their pay;
This hand, *Sibilla's* golden bough to guard them
Through hell, and horror, to the *Elyzian* springs;
VWhich who'l not venture for? and should I name
Such as the vertues of your mind invite,
Their numbers would be infinite.

Cleor. Can you think
I may be tempted?

Leost. You were never prov'd.
For me I have convers'd with you no farther
Then would become a Brother. I ne're tun'd
Loose Notes to your chaste cares; or brought rich presents
For my Artillery, to batter downe
The fortresse of your honour; nor endeavor'd
To make your blood runne high at solemne Feasts
With Viands, that provoke; (the speeding Philtres)
I work'd no bauds to tempt you; neuer practis'd
The cunning, and corrupting Arts they studie
That wander in the wilde Maze of desire;
Honest Simplicitie and Trueth were all
The Agents I imployd, and when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the Altars of the gods;
And love that came along with me, was taught
To leave his Arrowes, and his Torch behinde,
Quench'd in my feare to give offence.

Cleora. And 'twas
That modesty that tooke me, and preserves me,
Like a fresh Rose, in mine owne naturall sweetnesses;
Which sulli'd with the touch of impure hands,
Loose both sent and beauty.

Leost. But, *Cleora,*
When I am absent, as I must go from you;
(Such is the cruelty my fate) and leave you
Vnguarded, to the violent assaults
Of loose temptations; when the memory
Of my so many yeares of Love, and service,
Is lost in other objects; when you are courted
By such as keep a Catalogue of their Conquests,
Wonne vpon credulous Virgins; when nor Father
Is here to owe you; Brother to advise you;
Nor your poore servant by, to keep such off,
By lust instructed how to vndermine,
And blow your chastity vp? when your weake senses
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you;
How can you stand? faith though you fall, and I
The judge, before whom you then stood accus'd,

I should acquit you.

Cleora. Will you then confirme,
That love, and jealousie, though of different natures,
Must of necessity be? the younger,
Created onely to defeate the elder,
And spoyle him of his Birth-right: tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not,
Not with one syllable, or teare expresse,
How deeply I am wounded with the arrowes
Of your distrust: but when that you shall heare
At your returne, how I have borne my selfe,
And what an austere penance I take on me,
To satisfie your doubts: when like a *Vesball*
I shew you to your shame, the fire still burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people ioyning with you in the wonder.
When by the glorious splendor of my suffings,
The prying eyes of jealousie are struck blinde,
The monster too that feeds on feare, ev'n starv'd
For want of seeming matter to accuse me,
Expect *Leosthenes*, a sharpe reproofe
From my just anger.

Leost. What will you doe?

Cleora. Obey mee,
Or from this minute you are a stranger to me.
And doe it without reply: all seeing Sunne,
Thou witnesse of my innocence, thus I close
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,
Till the returne of this distrust full man.
Now binde'em sure, nay doo't, if vncompeld
I loofe this knot, vntill the hands that made it
Be pleas'd to untie it, may consuming plagues
Fall heauy on me, pray you guide me to your lips,
This kisse, when you come backe shall be a Virgin
To bid you welcome: Nay, I haue not done yet.
I will continue dumbe, and you once gone
No Accent shall come from me: now to my chamber,
My Tombe, if you miscarry: there I'll spend
My houres in silent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory

The Bond-man.

And you confesse it, whether I live or die,
My chastity triumphs over your jealousie.

ACT. 2. Sc. 2.

Afotus, Graculo.

Afot. You Slave, you Dog, downe Curr.

Grac. Hold, good young master,
For pitties sake.

Afot. Now am I in my kingdome.
Who sayes I am not valiant? I begin
To frowne again, quake villaine.

Grac. So I do, Sir,
Your looks are Agues to me.

Afot. Are they so Sir,
'Slight, if I had them at this bey, that flout me,
And say I look like a sheep, and an Assie, I'de make 'em
Feele, that I am a Lion.

Grac. Do not roare Sir,
As you are a valiant beast: but do you know
Why you use me thus?

Afot. I'll beat thee a little more,
Then study for a reason; O I have it;
One brake a jest on me, and then I swore,
Because I durst not strike him, when I came home
That I would breake thy head.

Grac. Pox on his mirth,
I am sure I mourne for't.

Afot. Remember too, I charge you
To teach my Horse good maners; yet this morning
As I rode to take the ayre, th'untutord Iade
Threw me and kickt me.

Grac. I thank him for't.

Afot. What's that?

Grac. I say, Sir, i'll teach him to hold his heeles,
If you will hold your fingers.

Afot. I'll think upon't.

Grac. I am bruised to jelly; better be a dog,
Than slave to a foole or coward.

Afot. Here's my mother. *Ent. Corisco, & Zanth.*

The Bond-man.

She is chastising too: How brave we live
That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath,
When we want exercise?

Corisc. Carelesse harlotry, *Striking her.*
Look to't, if a Curle fall, or wind, or Sun
Take my complexion off, I will not leave
One haire upon thine head.

Grac. Here's a second show
Of the family of pride.

Corisc. Fie on these warres,
I am starv'd for want of action, not a gamester left
To keep a woman play: if this world last
A little longer with us, Ladies must study
Some new found Mystery to coole one another,
We shall burn to cinders else; I have heard there have beene
Such arts in a long vacation; would they were
Reveal'd to me: they have made my Doctor too
Physitian to the Armie, he was us'd
To serve the turne at a pinch: but I am now
Quite unprovided.

Grac. My mother in law is sure
At her devotion.

Corisc. There are none but our slaves left,
Nor are they to be trusted; some great women
(Which I cold name) in a dearth of Visitants,
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
At small game, but I am so squeasie stomack'd,
And from my youth have been so us'd to dainties,
I cannot tast such grosse meat; some that are hungry
Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall
From such as mend Mats in their Galleries;
Or when a Taylor fertles a petticoat on,
Take measure of his bodkin; fie upon't,
Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with
A gallants breeches, and conceive upon 'em,
Than stoop so low.

Asot. Faire Madam, and my mother.

Corisc. Leave the last out, it smelis rank of the Countrie,
And shewes course breeding, your true Courtier knowes not
His neece, or sister from another woman,

If she be apt and cunning? I could tempt now
This foole, but he will be so long a working.
Then hee's my husband's son; the fitter to
Supply his wants; I have the way already.
I'll try if it will take; when were you with
Your Mistris, faire *Cleora*.

Afol. Two dayes sithence,
But shee's so coy forfooth, that ere I can
Speak a pen'd speech I have bought and studied for her,
Her woman calls her away.

Coris. Here's a dull thing,
But better taught I hope; send off your man.

Afol. Sirra, be gone.

Grac. This is the first good turne,
She ever did me. *Exit Graculo.*

Coris. We'le have a Scæne of mirth,
I must not have you sham'd for want of practise.
I stand here for *Cleora*, and do you heare Minion,
(That you may tell her, what her woman shold do)
Repeat the lesson over, that I taught you
When my yong Lord came to visit me; if you misse
In a Syllable or posture!

Zant. I am perfect.

Afol. Would I were so: I feare I shall be out.

Coris. If you are, i'le help you in. Thus I walke musing:
You are to enter and as you passe by,
Salute my woman; be but beld enough,
You'l'e speed I warrant you: begin.

Afol. Have at it.

'Save thee sweet heart. A kisse.

Zant. *Venus* forbid Sir,
I should presume to taste your Honors lips
Before my Lady.

Coris. This is well on both parts.

Afol. How does thy Lady?

Zant. Happy in your Lorschip;
As often as she thinks on you.

Coris. Very good,
This wench will learne in time.

Afol. Does she think of me?

The Bond-man.

Zant. O Sir, and speaks the best of you, admires
Your wit, your clothes, discourse; and swears, but that
You are not forward enough for a lord, you were
The most compleat, and absolute man: I'll shew
Your Lordship a Secret.

Afor. Not of thine owne?

Zant. O no, sir,
'Tis of my Lady, but vpon your honour,
You must conceale it.

Afor. By all meanes.

Zantia. Sometimes
I lie with my Lady, as the last night I did,
Shee could not say her prayers, for thinking of you,
Nay, she talked of you in her sleepe, and sigh'd out,
O sweet *Aforus*, sure thou art so backward
That I must ravish thee, and in that fervor
She tooke me in her armes, threw me vpon her,
Kis'd me, and hug'd me, and then wak'd, and wept
Because 'twas but a dreame.

Corisc. This will bring him on,
Or hee's a blocke. A good girl!

Afor. I am mad,
Till I am at it.

Zant. Be not put off, Sir,
Withdraw, I dare not; fie you are immodest,
My Brother's vp, my father will hear, shoot home, sir,
you cannot misse the marke.

Afor. Ther's for thy counsaile.
This is the fairest interlude, if it prove earnest,
I shall wish I were a player.

Corisc. Now my turne comes.
I am exceeding sicke, pray you send my page
For young *Aforus*, I cannot live without him,
Pray him to visit me, yet when hee's present,
I must be strange to him.

Afor. Not so: you are caught.
Loe whom you wish, behold *Aforus* here!

Corisc. You wait well, Minion, shortly I shall not speak
My thoughts in my privat Chamber, but they must
Lie open to discouery

Afor.

Afor. 'Slid shee's angry.

Zant. No, no, Sir, she but seemes so. To her again.

Afor. Lady, I would descend to kisse your hand;

But that 'tis glov'd, and Civit makes me sicke;

And to presume to taste your lips not safe,

Your woman by;

Corisc. She's no observer,

Of whom I grace. *Zant.* Looks on a Book,

Afor. She's at her booke, O rare! *kisses her*

Corisc. A kisse for entertainement is sufficient:

Too much of one dish cloyes me.

Aforus. I would serve in

The second course, but still I feare your woman.

Corisc. You are very cautelous. *Zanthia seemes to sleepe.*

Aforus. 'Slight shee's asleep!

'Tis pittie, these instructions are not printed:

They would sell well to chamber-maids; 'tis no time now

To play with my good fortune, and your favor,

Yet to be taken, as they say: a scout

To give the signall when the enemy comes, *Exit Zanthia.*

Were now worth gold: Shee's gone to watch.

A wayter so train'd vp were worth a million,

To a wanton Citie Madame.

Corisc. You are growne conceited.

Afor. You teach me; Lady, now your Cabinet.

Corisc. You speake, as it were yours.

Afor. When we are there,

Ile show you my best evidence.

Corisc. Hold you forget,

I only play *Cleora's* part.

Afor. No matter,

Now we haue begun, let's end the act.

Corisc. Forbear, Sir,

Your Fathers wife?

Afor. Why, being Heyre, I am bound,

Since he can make no satisfaction to you,

To see his debts paid.

Enter Zanthia running

Zanthia. Madame, my Lord.

Corisc. Fall off,

I must trifle with the time too;

Asot. Pox on his toothlesse chaps, he cannot doe
Himselfe, yet hinders such as have good stomachs. *Enter Cleon*

Cleon. Where are you, Wife? I faine would goe abroad,
But cannot finde my slaves, that beare my Litter:
I am tyr'd, your shoulder, sonne; nay sweet, thy hand too,
A turne or to in the Garden, and then to supper
And so to bed.

Asot. Never to rise, I hope, more. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCÆN. 3.

Pisander, Poliphron, bringing forth a Table.

Pisan. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.

Polip. You may doe your pleasure:
But, in my judgment, better to make vse of
The present opportunity.

Pisan. No more. *Enter Cimbrio, Gracculo, and Slaves.*

Polip. I am silenc'd.

Pisan. More wine, pray thee drinke hard, friend,
And when we are hot, what ever I propound,
Second with vehemency: men of your wordes, all welcome,
Slaves vse no ceremonie, sit downe, heer's a health,

Polip. Let it runne, fill every man his Glasse.

Gracc. We looke for no wayters; this is Wine.

Pisan. The better,
Strong, lusty wine: drinke deepe, this juyce will make vs
As free as our Lords. *Drinkes.*

Gracc. But if they finde, wee tast it,
We are all dama'd to the quarry, during life,
Without hope of redemption.

Pisan. Pish, for that
Wee'l talke anon: another rouse, we loose time, *Drinkes,*
When our low blood's wound vp a little higher,
I'll offer my designe; nay, we are colde yet,
These glasses containe nothing; doe me right *Takes the bottle.*
As e're you hope for liberty: 'Tis done bravely,
How doe you feele your selves now?

Cimb. I begin
To have strange Conundrums in my head.

Gracc. And I,

To loath base water : I would be hang'd in peace now,
For one moneth of such holi-dayes

Pisand. An age, Boyes,
And yet defie the whip, if you are men,
Or dare beleeve, you have soules.

Cimb. We are no Broakers :

Gracc. Nor Whores, whose markes are out of their mouths,
They hardly can get salt enough to keep 'em (they have none,
From stinking above ground.

Pisand. Our Lords are no gods?

Grac. They are Divels to vs, I am sure.

Pisand. But subject to

Colde, hunger, and diseases.

Grac. In abundance.

Your Lord, that feeles no ach in his chine at twentie,
Forfeits his priviledge, how should their Chyrurgion build else,
Or ride on their Foot cloathes

Pisand. Equall nature fashion'd us

All in one molde : The Beare serves not the Beare,
Nor the Wolfe, the Wolfe; 'twas ods of strength in tyrants,
That pluck'd the first linke from the Golden chayne

With which that thing of things bound in the world.

Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,

To love our Libertie, if not Command,

Should the strong serve the weake, the fair deform'd ones?

Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute

To ignorant fooles? All's but the outward glosse

And politicke forme, that does distinguish us.

Cymbrio, thou art a strong man; if in place

Of carrying burthens, thou hadst beene trayn'd vp

In Martiall discipline, thou mightst have prou'd

A Generall, fit to lead and fight for *Sicilse*,

As fortunate as *Timoleon*

Cymbrio A little fighting

will serue a Generals turn.

Pisand. Thou, *Graculo*,

Hast fluencie of Language, quick conceit,

And I thinke, cover'd with a Senators robe,

Formally set on the Bench, thou wouldst appeare

As brave a Senator.

Gracc. Would I had Lands,
 Or money, to buy a place; and if I did not (Chayne,
 Sleepe on the bench, with the drowfiest of 'em, Play with my
 Looke on my watch, when my guts chim'd twelve, and were
 A state Beard, with my Barbers help, ranke with 'em
 In their most choyce peculiar gifts; degrade me
 And put me to drinke water againe, which (now
 I have tasted Wine) were poyson.

Pisand. 'Tis spoke nobly,
 And like a Gown-man, none of these, I thinke too,
 But would prove good Burgers.

Gracc. Hum: the fooles are modest.
 I know their infides: here's an ill-fac'd fellow
 (But that will not be seene in a darke shop,)
 If he did not in a moneth, learne to out-sweare,
 In the selling of his wares, the cunningest Tradseman
 In *Syracusa*, I haue no skill; Here's another,
 Observe but what a consening looke he ha's,
 (Hold vp thy head, man) if for drawing Gallants
 Into morgages for Commodities, cheating Heyres
 With your new counterfeit Gold thred, and gumm'd Velvets
 He does not transcend all that went before him,
 Call in his patent; passe the rest, they'l all make
 Sufficient Becos, and with their brow-antlers
 Beare vp the Cap of maintenance.

Pisand. Is't not pittie then.
 Men of such eminent vertues, should be Slaves?

Cimb. Our fortune.

Pisand. 'Tis your folly, daring men
 Command, and make their fates. Say, at this instant,
 I mark'd you out away to Libertie;
 Possess you of those blessings, our proud Lords
 So long haue surfetted in; and what is sweetest,
 Arme you with powers; by strong hand to auenge
 Your stripes, your vnregarded toyle, the pride,
 The insolencie, of such as treade vpon
 Your patient suffering; fill your famish'd mouthes,
 With the fat and plenty of the Land; redeeme you
 From the darke vale of Seruitude, and seate you
 Vpon a hill of happinesse; what would you do

The Bond-man.

To purchase this and more ?

Grac. Do any thing,
To burne a Church or two, and dance by the light on't
Were but a May-game.

Poliph. I have a father living,
But if the cutting of his throat could worke this,
He should excuse me.

Cimb. 'Slight, I would cut mine owne,
Rather then misse it; so I might but have
A taste on't ere I die.

Pisan. Be resolute men,
You shall run no such hazard ; nor groan under
The burthen of such crying finnes.

Cimb. The meanes ?

Grac. I feele a womans longing.

Polip. Do not torment us
With expectation.

Pis. Thus then, Our proud masters,
And all the able Freemen of the City
Are gone unto the warrs ;

Poliph. Observe but that.

Pisan. Old men, and such as can make no resistance,
Are onely left at home.

Grac. And the proud young foole
My Master. If this take, i'le hamper him.

Pisan. Their Arsenall, their Treasure's in our power,
If we have hearts to seaze 'em ; if our Lords fall
In the present action, the whole countrie's ours ;
Say they returne victorious, we have meanes
To keepe the Towne against them : at the worst
To make our owne conditions : now if you dare
Fall on their Daughters and their Wives, break up
Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,
And carve your selves of all delights and pleasures
You have been bard from, with one voyce cry with me,
Liberty, liberty.

All. Liberty, liberty.

Pisan. Go then, and take possession ; use all freedom,
But shed no blood : so this is well begun,
But not to be commended til't be done. *Ex. Omnes.*

The Bond-man.

ACT. 3. SC. 1.

Pisander, Timandra.

Pisand. Why think you that I plot against my self?
Feare nothing, you are safe; these thick-skin'd slaves,
(I use as instruments to serve my ends)
Pierce not my deep designs : nor shall they dare
To lift an arme against you.

Timand. With your will.
But turbulent spirits rais'd beyond themselves
With ease, are not so soon lay'd : they oft prove
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

Pisan. Tis true,
In what is rashly undertook. Long since
I have considered seriously their natures
Proceeded with mature advise, and know
I hold their will and faculties in more awe
Then I can do my own. Now for their licence,
And ryot in the City, I can make
A just defence, and use : It may appeare too
A politicke prevention of such illls
As might with greater violence and danger
Hereafter be attempted ; though some smart for's
It matters not : how ever, I am resolv'd ;
And sleep you with security. Holds *Cleora*
Constant to her rash vow ?

Timand. Beyond beleefe ;
To me, that see her hourelly, it seems a fable.
By signes I gheffe at her commands, and serve 'em
With silence, such her pleasure is made knowne
By holding her faire hand thus ; she eats little,
Sleeps lesse, as I imagine ; once a day
I lead her to this Gallery, where she walks
Some halfe a dozen turnes, and having offred
To her absent Saint, a sacrifice of sighs,
She points back to her prison.

Pisan. Guide her hither,
And make her understand the slaves revolt.
And with your utmost eloquence enlarge

The Bond-man.

Their insolence, and rapes done in the City,
Forget not too, I am their chiefe, and tell her
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,
As I am *Marullo*, caus'd this suddain uprore,
To make way to enjoy her.

Timand. Punctually

I will discharge my part. *Exit Timandra, Enter Poliphron.*

Poliph. O Sir, I fought you.

You have mis'd the sport. Hell, I think is broke loose,
There's such variety of all disorders,
As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,
Among the slaves; answer'd with crying, howling,
By the Citizens and their wives; such a confusion,
(In a word, not to tyre you) as I think
The like was never read of.

Pisand. I share in

The pleasure, though I am absent. This is some
Revenge for my disgrace.

Poliph. But Sir, I feare,

If your authority restrain them not,
They'l fire the City, or kill one another,
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with so much.

Pisand. I will among 'em,

But must not long be absent.

Poliph. At your pleasure.

ACT. 3. SCÆN. 2.

Cleora, Timandra, a Chaire, a shout within.

Timand. They are at our gates. my heart! affrights & horrors
Increase each minute: No way left to save us,
No flattering hope to comfort us, or meanes
By miracle to redeeme us from base lust,
And lawlesse rapine? Are there gods, yet suffer
Such innocent sweetnesse to be made the spoile
Of brutish appetite? Or since they decree
To ruine Natures master-piece (of which
They have not left one pattern) must they choose,

The Bond-man.

To set their tirannie off, slaves to pollute
The spring of chastitie and poyson it
With their most leath'd embraces? and of those
He that should offer vp his life to guard it?

Marullo, curs'd *Marullo*, your owne bond-man
Purchas'd to serue you, and fed by your favours.

Nay, start not; it is he, he the grand Captaine *Cleora starts.*
Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left
One cruell act vndone, that Barbarous conquest,
Yet never practis'd in a captive Citie.

He doting on your beauty, and to have fellowes
In his soule sinne, hath rais'd these mutinous slaves,
Who have begun the game by violent Rapes,
Vpon the wives and daughters of their Lords:
And he to quench the fire of his base lust,

By force comes to enjoy you: do not wring *Cleora wrings*
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootlesse; vse the meanes *her hands*

That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break
A vow when you are forc'd to it; shew your face,
And with the majesty of commanding beauty
Strike dead his loose affections; if that faile,
Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;
There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood,
Or heart so made of flint, but must receive
Impression from your words; or eyes so sterne,
But from the cleere reflection of your teares
Must melt, and beare them company; will you not
Do these good offices to your selfe, poor *I* then,
Can onely weep your fortune; here he comes.

Pisand. He that advances *Enter Pisander speaking*
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword. *at the doore.*
You have had your wayes, disturbe not mine.

Timand. Speak gently,
Her feares may kill her else.

Pisand. Now love inspire me!
Still shall this Canopy of envious night
Obscure my Suns of comfort? and those dainties
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, deny'd my famish'd senses?
The organs of your hearing are yet open,

And

The Bond-man.

And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them warrant to convey unto
Your understanding parts, the story of
A tortur'd and despairing Lover, whom *Cleora shakes.*
Not Fortune but Affection marks your slaves:
Shake not best Lady, for beleev't, you are
As farre from danger as I am from force.
All violence i'll offer tends no farther
Then to relate my sufferings, which I dare not
Presume to do, till by some gracious signe
You shew you are pleas'd to heare me.

Timand. If you are,

Hold forth your right hand. *Cleora holds forth her*

Pisan. So 'tis done, and I *right hand.*

With my glad lips seale humbly on your foot,
My soules thanks for the favour: I forbear
To tell you whom I am, what wealth, what honours
I made change of to become your servant:
And though I knew worthy *Leosthenes*
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love
You have endur'd so much) to be my rivall:
When rage and jealousie counsell'd me to kill him,
(Which then I could have done with much more ease,
Then now in feare to grieve you, I dare speak it)
Love seconded with duty boldly told me,
The man I hated, faire *Cleora* favor'd:
And that was his protection. *Cleora bowes.*

Timand. See, she bowes

Her head in signe of thankfulnessse.

Pisand. He remov'd,

By th'occasion of the war (my fires increasing
By being clos'd and stopt up) franticke affection
Prompted me to doe something in his absence
That might deliver you into my power,
Which you see is effected, and even now
When my rebellious passions chide my dulnessse,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes;
Now 'tis in my power to bear you hence. *Cleor. starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, feare not Madam,
True love's a servant, brutish lust a Tyrant)

The Bond-man.

I dare not touch those viands, that ne're tast well,
But when they are freely offer'd: only thus much,
Be pleas'd I may speak in my own deare cause,
And think it worthy your consideration,
I have lov'd truly (cannot say deserv'd;
Since duty must not take the name of merit)
That I so farre prize your content, before
All blessings, that my hope can fashion to me,
That willingly I entertain despaire,
And for your sake embrace it. For I know,
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour
The like can be recover'd. To conclude,
Forget not, that I lose my self, to save you.
For what can I expect, but death and torture,
The warre being ended? and, what is a task
Would trouble *Hercules* to undertake,
I do deny you to my self, to give you
A pure unspotted present to my rivall.
I have said, if it distaste not, best of *Virgins*,
Reward my temperance with some lawfull favour,
Though you contemne my person. *Cleora kneeles, then puls off*
Timand. See, she kneeles, *her Glove, and offers her*
And seemes to call upon the gods to pay *hand to Pisander.*
The debt she owes your vertue. To performe which,
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you
Her right hand. *Makes a low courtise, as*
Pisan. I am payd for all my sufferings. *she goes off.*
Now when you please passe to your private chamber:
My love, and duty, faithfull guards, shall keep you
From all disturbance; and when you are sated
With thinking of *Leosthenes*, as a fee
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Sc. 3.

*Enter Gracculo leading Asotus in an Apes habit, with a chaine
about his necke. Zanthia in Coriscaes cloathes, shee
bearing up her traine.*

Gracc. Come on, Sir.

Asot. Oh.

Gracc.

The Bond-man.

Gracc. Doe you grumble? you were ever
A brainelesse Assle, but if this hold, I'le teach you
To come aloft, and doe tricks like an Ape.
Your mornings lesson? if you misse—

Afor. O no, Sir.

Afocus makes moppes.

Gracc. What for the Cathaginians? a good beast.
What for our selfe your Lord? exceeding well. *dances*
There's your reward. Not kisse your pawe? So, so, so.

Zant. Was ever Lady the first daie of her honour
So waited on by a wrinkled crone? shee lookes now
Without her painting, curling, and perfumes
Like the last day of Ianuary; and stinkes worse
Then a hot brach in the dogge daies. Further of,
So stand there like an image; if you stirre,
Till with a quarter of a looke I call you,
You know what followes.

Corisc. O what am I false to!
But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride,
Iustly return'd vpon me.

Grac. How doo'st thou like
Thy Ladiship *Zanthia*?

Zant. Very well, and beare it
With as much state as your Lordship,

Gracc. Give me thy hand;
Let vs like conquering Romans walke in triumph,
Our captiues following. Then mount our tribunals,
And make the slaves our footstoolles.

Zant. Fine by love,
Are your hands cleane minion?

Corisc. Yes forsooth.

Zant. Fall off then.

So now come on: and having made your three duties,
Downe I say, (are you stiffe in the hams?) now kneele,
And tie our shooe. Now kisse it and be happy.

Gracc. This is state indeed.

Zant. It is such as she taught me
A tickling itch of greatnesse, your proud Ladyes
Expect from their poor waiters, we have chang'd parts;
Shee does what she forc'd me to doe in her raigne,
And I must practise it in mine.

Gracc. 'Tis iustice;

The Bond-man.

O here come more *Enter Cimbrio, Cleon, Poliphron, Olimpia.*

Cimb. Discover to a Drachma,

Or I will famish thee.

Cleon. O I am pinde already.

Cimb. Hunger shall force thee to cut off the brawnes
From thy arms and thighs, then broil them on the coles
For Carbonadoes.

Poliph. Spare the old Iade, hee's foundred

Gracc. Cut his throat then,

And hang him out for a scarr-Crow.

Poliph. You have all your wishes

In your revenge, and I have mine. You see

I use no tyrannie : When I was her slave,

She kept me as a sinner to lie at her back

In frosty nights, and fed me high with dainties

Which still she had in her belly again ere morning;

And in requitall of those courtesies,

Having made one another free, we are married,

And if you wish us joy, joyne with us in

A dance at our Wedding.

Gracc. Agreed, for I have thought of

A most triumphant one, which shall expresse, we are Lords, and

Poliph. But we shall want (these our slaves.

A woman.

Gracc. No, heres Iane of Apes shall serve ;

Carry your body swimming : wher's the Musick ?

Poliph. I have plac'd it in yon window. *The dance at the end.*

Gracc. Begin then sprightly. *Enter Pisander.*

Poliph. Well done on all sides. I have prepar'd a Banquet ;

Let's drinke and coole us.

Grac. A good motion.

Cimb. Wait here,

You have been tyr'd with feasting, learn to fast now.

Gracc. I'll have an Apple for Jack, and may be some scrapps
May fall to your share. *Exeunt Graculo, Zanthia, Cimbrio,*

Coris. Whom can we accuse *Poliphron, Olimpia.*

But our selves for what we suffer ? thou art just

Thou all-creating power. And misery

Instructs me now, that yesterday acknowledg'd.

No Deitie beyond my lust and pride.

There is a heaven about vs, that lookes downe
With eyes of iustice, vpon such as number
Those blessings freely giuen, in the account
Of their poore merits: Else it could not be
Now miserable I, to please whole pallet
The Elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd
Of Nature, as not liberall enough
In her provision of rarities
To soothe my taste, and pamper my proud flesh:
Now wish in vaine for bread.

Cleon. Yes, I doe wish too
For what I fed my dogges with.

Corisc. I that forgot
I was made of flesh and blood and thought the silk
Spunne by the diligent worme, out of their intrals,
Too coure to cloath me; and the softest Downe
Too hard to sleepe on; that disdain'd to looke
On vertue being in ragges: that stop'd my nose
At those that did not use adulterate arts
To better nature; that from those, that serv'd me,
Expected adoration, am made justly
The scorne of my owne Bond-woman.

Afot. I am punish'd,
For seeking to Cuckold mine owne naturall Father
Had I beene gelded then or us'd my selfe
Like a man: I had not been transform'd, and forc'd
To play an ore-growne Ape.

Cleon. I know I cannot
Last long, that's all my comfort: com, I forgive both
It is in vaine to be angry, let vs therefore
Lament together like friends.

Pisand. What a true mirror
Were this sad spectacle for secure greatnesse!
Heere they that never see themselves, but in
The Glasse of servile flattery, might behold
The weake foundation vpon which they build
That trust in humane frailtie. Happie are those,
That knowing in their births, they are subject to
Vncertaine change are still prepar'd, and arm'd
For either fortune: A rare principle,

The Bond-man.

And with much labour, learn'd in wisdomes schoole !
For as these Bond-men by their actions shew,
That in prosperitie, like too too large a Sayle
For their small barke of iudgement ; sinkes them with
Afore-right gale of libertie, e're they reach
The port they long to touch at : So these wretches
Swolne with the false opinion of their worth,
And proud of blessings left them, not acquir'd,
That did beleve they could with Gyant-armes
Fathome the earth, and were above their fates
Those borrow'd helps that did support them vanish'd
Fall of themselves, and by vnmanly suffering,
Betray their proper weaknesse, and make knowne
Their boasted greatnesse was lent, not their owne.

Cleon. O for some meate, they sit long.

Corisc. We forgot,
When we drew out intemperate feasts till midnight :
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watchings ;
Nor did we hold our selves serv'd to the height,
But when we did exact, and force their duties
Beyond their strength and power.

Afor. We pay for't now,
I now could be content to have my head
Broke with a ribbe of beefe, or for a Coffin
Be buried in the dripping pan.

Cimb. Doe not hold me, *Enter Poliphron, Cimbrio, Graculo,*
Not kisse the bride ? *Zanthia, Olimpia, drunke and*

Polip. No Sir.

quarrelling.

Cimb. She's common good,
And so wee'll vse her.

Grac. wee'le have nothing private.

Olimp. Hold :

Zant. Heere, *Marullo.*

Olimp. Hee's chiefe.

Cimb. We are equals,
I will know no obedience.

Grac. Nor superior,
Nay, if you are Lyon-drunke, I will make one,
For lightly ever he that parts the fray,
Goes away with the blowes.

Pisand. Art thou madde too?
No more, as you respect me.

Polip. I obey, Sir,

Pisand. Quarrell among your selves?

Camb. Yes, in our Wine, Sir,

And for our Wenches.

Gracc. How could we be Lords else?

Pisan. Take heed, I have news wil cool this heat, & make you
Remember, what you were.

Cymb. How?

Pisand. Send off these,
And then I'll tell you. *Zantbia beating Corisca.*

Olymp. This is tyrannie,
Now she offends not.

Zant. 'Tis for exercise,
And to helpe digestion, what is she good for else?
To me it was her language.

Pisan. Leave her off,
And take heed Madam minx, the Wheele may turne.
Goe to your meate, and rest, and from this hour
Remember, he that is a Lord to day, *Exennt Cleon Afortus, Zantbia, Olympia, Corisca.*
May be a Slave to morrow.

Cleon. Good morality.

Cimb. But what would you impart?

Pisand. What must invite you
To stand upon your guard, and leave your feasting,
Or but imagine, what it is to be
Most miserable, and rest assur'd you are so.
Our masters are victorious:

All. How.

Pisand. Within
A dayes march of the Citie, flesh'd with spoyle,
And proud of conquest, the Armado sunke,
The Carthaginian Admirall hand to hand,
Slaine by *Leosthenes.*

Cimb. I feele the whip
Vpon my back already.

Gracc. Every man
Seek a convenient Tree, and hang himselfe.

Polip. Better die once, then live an age to suffer

The Bond-man.

New tortures every houre.

Cymb. Say, we submit,
And yeeld vs to their mercy.

Pisand. Can you flatter
Your selves with such false hopes? or dare you think
That your imperious Lords, that neuer fail'd
To punish with seuerity petty slipps,
In your neglect of labour, may be wonne
To pardon those licentious outrages,
Which noble enemies forbear to practise
Vpon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,
That may call on their just revenge with horrour
And studied cruelty? We have gone too farre
To thinke now of retyring; in our courage,
And during, lies our safety; if you are not
Slaves in your abject mindes, as in your fortunes,
Since to die is the worst, better expose
Our naked breasts to their keene Swords, and sell
Our lives with the most advantage, then to trust
In a forestal'd remission, or yeeld up
Thrice heated with reuenge.

Grac. You led vs on.

Cimb. And 'tis but justice, you should bring vs off.

Gracc. And we expect it.

Pisand. Heare then, and obey me,
And I will either saue you, or fall with you;
Man the walis strongly, and make good the ports,
Boldly deny their entrance, and rippe vp
Your grieuances, and what compel'd you to
This desperate course: if they disdain to heare
Of composition, we have in our powers
Their aged Fathers, Children, and their wives,
Who to preserue themselves, must willingly
Make intercession for vs. 'Tis not time now
To talke, but doe. A glorious end or freedome
Is now propos'd vs; stand resolu'd for either,
And like good fellowes, live, or die together.

The Bond-man.

ACT. 3. SCEN 4.

Leosthenes, Timagoras.

Timag. I am so farre from envie, I am proud
You have outstrip'd me in the race of honour.
O'Twas a glorious day, and bravely wonne!
Your bold performance gave such lustre to
Timaleons wife direction, as the Armie
Rests doubtfull, to whom they stand most ingagd
For their so greate successe.

Leost. The gods first honour'd,
The glory be the generalls; 'tis farre from mee
To be his rivall.

Timag. You abuse your fortune,
To entertaine her choyce, and gracious favours,
With a contracted browe; plum'd victory
Is truly painted with a cheerefull looke,
Equally distant from proud insolence,
And base dejection.

Leost. O *Timagoras*,
You onely are acquainted with the cause,
That loades my sad heart with a hill of lead;
Whose pondrous weight, neither my new got ho-
Assisted by the general applause (nor
The souldier crowns it with; nor all the wars glories
Can lessen or remove: and would you please,
With fit consideration to remember,
How much I wrong *Cleoras* innocence
With my rash doubts; and what a grievous penance
She did impose upon her tender sweetnesse,
To pluck away the Vulture jealousie
That fed upon my Liver: you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit justice on my selfe,
Though I resolve to be a stranger to
The thought of mirth or pleasure.

Timag. You have redeemed
The forfeit of your fault, with such a ransome
Of honourable action as my sister
Must of necessity confesse her sufferings

The Bond-man.

Weigh'd downe by your faire merits ; and when she views you
Like a triumphant Conqueror, carried through
The Streets of *Syracusa*, the glad people
Pressing to meet you, and the Senators
Contending who shall heape most honours on you ;
The Oxen crown'd with Garlands led before you
Appointed for the Sacrifice; and the Altars
Smoaking with thankfull Incense to the gods :
The Souldiers chaunting loud hymnes to your praise
The windowes fill'd with Matrons, and with Virgins,
Throwing vpon your head, as you passe by,
The choycest Flowers ; and silently invoking
The Queene of Love, with their particular vowes,
To be thought worthy of you ; can *Cleora*,
(Though, in the glasse of self-love, shee behold
Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowledge,
What she indur'd was but a noble tryall
You made of her affection ? and her anger
Rising from your too amorous eares, soone drench'd
In *Lethe*, and forgotten.

Leoff. If those glories

You so set forth were mine, they might plead for me :
But I can laye no claime to the least honour,
Which you with soule injustice ravish from her ;
Her beauty, in me wrought a myracle,
Taught me to ayme at things beyond my power,
Which her perfections purchas'd, and gave to me
From her free bounties ; she inspir'd me with
That valour, which I dare not call mine owne :
And from the faire reflexion of her minde,
My soule receiv'd the sparckling beames of courage.
Shee from the magazine of her proper goodnesse,
Stock'd me with vertuous purposes; sent me forth
To trade for honour ; and she being the owner
Of the Bark of my aduentures, I must yeeld her
A iust accompt of all, as fits a Factor,
And howsoeuer others thinke me happy,
And cry aloud, I haue made a prosperous voyage,
One frowne of her dislike at my returne
(Which, as a punishment for my fault, I looke for)

Strikes dead all comfort.

Timag. Tush, these feares are needlesse,
She cannot, must not, shall not be so cruell.

A free confession of a fault winnes pardon ;

But being seconded by desert, commands it.

The Generall is your owne, and sure, my Father,

Repents his harshnesse : for my self, I am

Ever your creature, one day shall be happy

In your triumph and your marriage.

Leost. May it prove so,

With her consent and pardon.

Timag. Ever touching

On that harsh string ? she is your own, and you

Without disturbance seize on what's your due.

ACT. 4. SCEN. I.

Pisander, Timandra.

Pisan. She has her health then.

Timand. Yes, Sir, and as often

As I speak of you, lends attentive eare

To all that I deliver ; nor seemes ty'rd,

Though I dwell long on the relation of

Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise,

On your unequal temperance, and command,

You hold o're your affections.

Pisan. To my wish :

Have you acquainted her with the defeature

Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours

Leosthenes comes crown'd home with ?

Timand. With all care.

Pisan. And how does she receive it ?

Timand. As I guesse,

With a seeming kind of joy, but yet appears not

Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.

But when I tell her of the certain ruine

You must encounter with at their arrivall

In *Syracusa*, and that death with torments

Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,

Esteeming it a glorious martyrdome,

And a reward of pure, unspotted love,
Preserv'd in the white robe of innocence :
Though she were in your pow'r, and still spur'd on
By insolent lust, you rather choose to suffer
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession
You have call'd on the fury of your Lord,
Than that she should be griev'd, or tainted in
Her reputation.

Pisan. Doth it work compunction?
Pitties she my misfortune?

Timand. She express'd
All signes of sorrow, which, her vow observ'd,
Could witness a griev'd heart. At the first hearing
She fell upon her face, rent her faire haire,
Her hands held up to heaven, and vented sighs,
In which she silently seem'd to complain
Of heavens injustice.

Pisan. Tis enough : wait carefully,
And upon all watch'd occasions, continue
Speech, and discourse of me : 'tis time must work her.

Timand. I'll not be wanting; but still strive to serve you.

Pisand. Now *Poliphron*, the newes. *Ex. Timand.*

Poliph. The conquering army
Is within ken. *Enter Poliph.*

Pisan. How brook the slaves the object?

Poliph. Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no labour,
And seeme to scoffe at danger : 'tis your presence
That must confirm them ; with a full consent
You are chosen to relate the tyranny
Of our proud masters ; and what you subscribe to,
They gladly will allow of, or hold out
To the last man.

Pisand. I'll instantly among them :
If we prove constant to our selves, good fortune
Will not, I hope, forsake us.

Polip. Tis our best refuge. *Exeunt.*

The Bond-man.

ACT. 4 Sc. 2.

*Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leosthenes,
Timagoras, others.*

Timol. Thus fire we are return'd victorious, crown'd
With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood, and death,
Banish'd your peacefull confines,) and bring home
Security, and peace. 'Tis therefore fit
That such as bodily stood the shock of warre,
And with the deare exience of sweat and blood
Have purchas'd honour, should with pleasure reap
The harvest of their toile; and we stand bound
Out of the first file of the best deservers,
(Though all must be consider'd to their merits)
To think of you *Leosthenes*, that stand,
And worthily, most deare in our esteem,
For your heroick valour.

Archid. When I look on
(The labour of so many men, and ages)
This well-built City, not long since design'd
To spoile and rapine; by the favour of
The gods, and you their ministers, preserv'd,
I cannot in my height of joy, but offer
The teares for a glad sacrifice.

Diph. Sleep the Citizens?
Or are they overwhelm'd with the excesse
of comfort that flowes to them?

Leost. We receive
A silent entertainment.

Timag. I long since
Expected that the virgins and the matrons,
The o'd men striving with their age, the Priests
Carrying the images of their gods before 'em,
Should have met us with procession: Had the gates
Are shut aganst us!

Archid. And upon the walls
Arm'd men seem to defie us! *Enter above Pisander, Poliph.
Cimbrio, Graculo, &c.*

Diph. I should know
These faces: they are our slaves.

Timag. The mystery, ratcalls?

The Bond-man.

Open the ports, and play not with an anger
That will consume you.

Timol. This is above wonder.

Archid. Our Bond-men stand against us!

Gracc. Some such things

We were in mans remembrance; the slaves are turn'd
Lords of the towne, or so; nay, be not angry;
Perhaps on good termes, giving security,
You will be quiet men, we may allow you
Some lodgings in our garrets, or out-houses;
Your great looks cannot carry it.

Cimb. The truth is,

We have been bold with your wives, toy'd with your daughters

Leost. O my prophetick soule!

Grac. Rifled your chests,
Been busie with your wardrobes.

Timag. Can we indure this?

Leost. O my *Cleora*!

Grac. A Candle for the gentleman,
He'l die a'th pip else.

Timag. Scorn'd too! are you turn'd stone?
Hold parley with our bond-men? force our entrance,
Then villains, expect —

Timol. Hold: you weare mens shapes,
And if like men you have reason, shew a cause
That leades you to this desperate course, which must end
In your destruction.

Grac. That as please the Fates,
But we vouchsafe; speak Captain.

Timag. Hell, and furies!

Archid. Bay'd by our owne cures?

Cimb. Take heed you be not worry'd.

Polip. We are sharp set.

Cimb. And suddain.

Pisan. Briefly thus then,
Since I must speak for all; your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times,
When Lords were stild fathers of Families,
And not imperious masters; when they numbred
Their servants almost equall with their sonnes,

The Bond man.

Or one degree beneath them ; when their labours
Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings ; when they did not presse
Their duties, or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance; all things order'd
With such decorum, as wise Law-makers,
From each well govern'd private house deriv'd
The perfect modell of a common-wealth.
Humanity then lodg'd in the hearts of men,
And thankfull Masters carefully provided
For Creatures wanting reason. The noble horse
That in his fiery youth from his wide nostrills,
Neign'd courage to his Rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed Pikes, bearing his Lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
Was set at libertie, and freed from service,
The Athenian Mules, that from the Quarrie drew
Marble, hew'd for the Temples of the gods,
The great worke ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the publique cost ; nay, faithfull dogs have found
Their Sepulchres ; but man to man, more cruell,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave ;
Since pride stept in and ryot, and o'return'd
This goodly frame of Concord, teaching Masters
To glory in the abuse of such, as are
Brought vnder their command ; who grown unusefull
Are lesse esteem'd than beasts; this you have practis'd,
Practis'd on vs with rigor ; this hath forc'd vs
To shake our heavy yokes off ; and if redresse
Of these just grievances be not granted vs,
Wee'le right our selves, and by strong hand defend,
What we are now possess'd of.

Gracc. And not leave
One house vnfir'd.

Cimb. Or throat vncut of those
We have in our Power.

Polip. Nor will we fall alone,
You shall buy vs dearly.

Timag. O, the gods!
Vnheard of insolence !

The Bond-man.

Timol. What are your demands?

Pisand. A generall pardon, first, for all offences
Committed in your absence. Liberty
To all such as desire to make return
Into their countries; and to those that stay
A competence of land freely allotted
To each mans proper use; no Lord acknowledg'd.
Lastly, with your consent, to chiole them wives
Out of your Families.

Timag. Let the City sink first.

Leost. And ruine seize on all, ere we subscribe
To such conditions.

Archid. Carthage, though victorious,
Could not have forc'd more from us.

Leost. Scale the walls,
Capitulate after.

Timol. He that winnes the top first,
Shall weare a murall wreath.

Pisand. Each to his place.
Or death or victory; charge them home, and feare not.

Timol. We wrong our selves, and we are justly punish'd,
To deale with Bond-men, as if we encounter'd
An equall enemy.

Archid. They fight like devils;
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts
Were proof beyond their armour.

Timag. Make a firm stand:
The slaves not satisfy'd, they have beat us off,
Prepare to fall forth.

Timol. They are wild beasts,
And to be tam'd by policie: each man take
A tough whip in his hand, such as you us'd.
To punish them, as masters; in your looks
Carry severity, and awe: 'twill fright them
More than your weapons; salvage Lions fly from
The sight of fire; and these that have forgot
That duty you ne're taught them with your swords,
When unexpected they behold those terrours,
Advanc'd aloft that they were made to shake at,
'I will force them to remember what they are,

And

The Bond-man.

And stoop to due obedience.

Archid. Here they come.

Cimb. Leave not a man alive, a wound is but a flea-biting

To what we suffer'd being slaves.

Grac. O my heart!

Cimbrio what do we see? the whip! our masters!

Timag. Dare you rebell, slaves? *Senators shake their whips,*

Cimb. Mercie mercie; when shall we hide us from their fury? *and they throw away their weapons, and run off.*

Gracc. Fly, they follow.

O, we shall be tormented.

Timol. Enter with them,

But yet forbear to kill them; still remember
They are part of your wealth, and being disarm'd,
There is no danger.

Arc. Let us first deliver

Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure
Determine of their punishment.

Leost. Friend, to you

I leave the disposition of what's mine:

I cannot think I am safe without your Sister,

She's only worth my thought; and till I see

What she has suffred, I am on the rack,

And Furies my tormenters.

Exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCENE 3.

Pisander, Timandra.

Pisand. I know, I am pursu'd, nor would I flee,

Although the ports were open, and a convoy

Ready to bring me off: the baseness of

These villains, from the pried of all my hopes,

Have thrown me to the bottomlesse Abyffe

Of horreur and despaire; had they stood firm,

I could have bought *Cleora's* free consent

With the safety of her fathers life, and brothers:

And forc'd *Leosthenes* to quit his claim,

And kneel a suiter for me.

Timand. You must not think

What might have been, but what must now be practis'd,

And

And suddenly resolve.

Pisand. All my poor fortunes
Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.
Vnseene, conuey me to *Cleora's* Chamber,
For in her sight, if it were possible,
I would be apprehended: do not enquire
The reason why, but help me.

Timand. Make haste, one knocks, *Exit Pisander.*
Ioue turn all to the best; you are welcome Sir. *Enter Leosthenes.*

Leost. Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.

Timand. Alas Sir,
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathsome too, by our continued fears,
Comfort's a stranger to vs.

Leost. Feare's! your sufferings
For which I am so overcome with griefe,
I dare not aske without compassionate tears,
The villaines name that rob'd thee of thy honour;
For being train'd up in Chastities cold Schoole,
And taught by such a mistress as *Cleora*,
'Twere impious in me, to think *Timandra*
Fell with her owne consent.

Timand. How meane you, fell, Sir,
I understand you not.

Leost. I would, thou didst not,
Or that I could not reade vpon thy face,
In blushing characters, the story of
Libidinous Rape; confesse it, for you stand not
Accomptable for a sinne, against whose strength
Your o'rematch'd innocence could make no resistance
Vnder which odds, I know *Cleora* fell too,
Heav'n's helpe in vaine invok'd; the amazed Sunne,
Hiding his face behinde a maske of clouds,
Not daring, to looke on it, in her sufferings
All sorrow's comprehended; what *Timandra*,
Or the Citie has indur'd, her losse consider'd,
Deserves not to be nam'd.

Timand. Pray you doe not bring, Sir,
In the chymeraes of your jealous feares,

The Bond-man.

New monsters to affright us.

Leof. O *Timandra*,

That I had faith enough but to believe thee,
I should receive it with a joy beyond
Assurance of Elyzian shades hereafter,
Or all the blessings in this life a Mother
Could wish her children crown'd with: but I must not
Credit impossibilities, yet I strive
To find out that, whose knowledge is a curse,
And ignorance a blessing. Come discover
What kind of looke he had, that forc'd thy Lady,
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure,)
That when hereafter I behold a stranger
But neere him in aspect, I may conclude
(Though men and Angells should proclame him honest)
He is a hell-bred villain.

Timand. You are unworthy
To know she is preserv'd, preserv'd untainted.
Sorrow (but onely ill bestow'd) hath made
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.
Come forth deare Madam. *Leads in Cleora.*

Leof. Ha! *Kneeles.*

Timan. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your heart, that to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a Vestall
(Though the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living funerall) must of force haue shrunk at.
No danger could compell her to dispence with
Her cruell penance; though hot lust came arm'd
To seize upon her, when one look, or accent,
Might have redeem'd her.

Leof. Might? O do not show me
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.
The means, by which she was freed? Speak, O speak quickly,
Each minute of delay's an age of torment:
O speak, *Timandra.*

Timand. Free her from her oath,
Her selfe can best deliver it. *Takes off the Scarfe.*

Leof. O blest office!
Never did Gally-slave shake off his chaines,

The Bond-man.

Or look'd on his redemption from the Oare,
With such true feeling of delight, as now
I finde my selfe possess'd of; now I behold
True light indeed; For since these fairest starres,
(Cover'd with cloudes of your determinate will)
Denyde their influence to my optique sence,
The Splendor of the Sun appear'd to me,
But as some little glimpse of his bright beames
Convey'd into a Dungeon; to remember
The darke inhabitants there, how much they wanted.
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine eares
With Musicke more harmonious, then the Spheares
Yield in their heavenly motions; And if ever
A true submission, for a crime acknowledg'd
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue
In the first sweet, articulate sounds, it utters
To signe my wish'd-for pardon.

Cleo. I forgive you.

Leost. How greedily I receive this? Stay, best Lady,
And let me by degrees ascend the height
Of humane happinesse? All at once deliver'd,
The torrent of my joyes will overwhelme me;
So now a little more; And pray excuse me,
If like a wanton Epicure I desire;
The Pleasant taste these eates of comfort yeild me,
Should not too soone be swallow'd. Have you not
(By your unspotted truth, I doe conjure you
To answer truly) suffer'd in your honour;
(By force, I meane, for in your will I see you)
Since I left *Syracusa*?

Cleo. I restore

This kisse, (so helpe me goodnesse) which I borrow'd
When I saw you.

Leost. Miracle of vertue!

One pawse more, I beseech you, I am like
A man whose vitall spirits consum'd, and wasted
With a long and tedious Fever, vnto whom
Too much of a strange Cordiall at once taken
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fixe here: but must enquire the man, to whom

I stand indebted for a benefit,
Which to requite full, though in this hand
I grasp'd all Scepters the worlds Empire bow to;
Would leave me a poor Bank'rout; name him, Lady,
If a meane estate, I'll gladly part with
My vrmost fortunes to him; but if noble,
In thankfull duty studie how to serue him;
Or if of higher ranke, erect him altars,
And (as a god) adere him.

Cleo. If that goodnesse,
And noble temperance (the Queene of vertues)
Bridling rebellous passions (to whose sway,
Such as have conquer'd Nations have liv'd slaves
Did ever wing great mindes to fly to heaven;
He that preserv'd mine honour, may hope boldly
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake of
Our fraile corruption.

Leost. Forward.

Cleo. Or if ever,

The powers above did masque in humane shapes,
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts
Forgot as soone as told, but by examples
To imitate their purenesse, and draw neere
To their Celestiall Natures; I believe
Hee's more then man.

Leost. You doe describe a wonder.

Cleo. Which will increase, when you shal vnderstand
He was a lover.

Leost. Not yours, Lady?

Cleo. Yes,

Lov'd me, *Leosthenes*; Nay more, so doted,
(If e're affections scorning grosse desires
May without wrong be stil'd so) that he durst not
With an immodest syllable, or looke,
In feare it might take from me, whom he made
The obiect of his better part, discover,
I was the Saint, he sur'de too.

Leost. A rare tempter!

Cleo. I cannot speake it to the worth: All praise
I can bestow vpon it, will appeare

The Bond-man.

Envious detraction. Not to racke you farther,
Yet make the miracle full ; though of all men
He hated you *Leosthenes*, as his rivall :
So high yet priz'd my content, that knowing
You were a man I favour'd, he disdain'd
Against himselfe to serue you.

Leost. You conceale still,

The owner of these excellencies.

Cleo. 'Tis *Marullo*,

My fathers Bond-man.

Leost. Ha, ha, ha!

Cleo. Why doe you laugh ?

Leost. To heare the labouring mountaine of your praise
Deliver'd of a Mouse.

Cleo. The man deserves not
This scorne, I can assure you.

Leost. Doe you call,
What was his dutie, merit ?

Cleo. Yes, and place it,
As high in my esteem, as all the honors
Descended from your Auncestors, or the glory,
Which you may call your owne, got in this action
In which I must confesse you have done nobly,
And I could adde ; As I desir'd ; but that
I feare, 'twould make you proud.

Leost. Why Lady, can you
Be wonne to give allowance, that your slave
Should dare to love you ?

Cleo. The Immortall gods
Accept the meanest Altars, that are rais'd
By pure devotions ; and sometimes preferre
An ounce of Frankincense, hony, or milke,
Before whole *Hecatombes*, or *Sabaean Gums*
Offer'd in ostentation. Are you sicke *Aside.*
Of you old disease ? I'll fit you.

Leost. You seeme mov'd.

Cleo. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of vertue.
Why, good *Leosthenes*, though I endur'd,
A penance for your sake, above example,
I have not so farre sold my selfe, I take it,

To be at your devotion, but I may
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of
That, which is only yours in expectation?
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?

Leost. One kisse, and I am silenc'd.

Cleo. I vouchsafe it;

Yet, I must tell you, 'tis a favour, that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine owne,
Durst not presume to aske; No, when the Citie
Bow'd humbly to licentious Rapes, and lust.
And when I was of men and gods forsaken,
Deliver'd to his power, he did not presse me
To grace him with one look or fillable,
Or urg'd the dispensation of an oath
Made for your satisfaction; the poore wretch
Having related only his owne sufferings,
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not denie him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my favours.

Leost. Pray you, end,
The story does not please me.

Cleo. Well, take heed
Of doubts, and feares; For know, *Leosthenes*,
A greater injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent chastity, then unjust suspicion.
I love *Marulloes* faire minde, not his person,
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any power in you, to stand
Betweene him and all punishment, and oppose
His temperance to his folly; if you faile —
No more, I will not threaten.

Leost. What a bridge
Of glasse I walke upon, over a River
Of certaine ruine: mine owne weighty feares
Cracking what should support me: And those helps,
Which confidence yeelds to others, are from me
Rauish'd by doubts, and wilfull jealousie.

The Bond-man.

ACT. 4. Sc. *Timia.*

Timagoras, Cleon, Aforus, Corisco, Olinpia.

Cleon. But are you sure we are safe?

Timia. You need not feare,
They are all vnder guard, their fangs par'd off:
The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cur'd,
With the balme of your revenge.

Afor. And shall I be
The thing I was borne, my Lord?

Timag. The same wise thing;
'Slight, what a beast they have made thee! *Africk* never
Produc'd the like.

Afor. I thinke so: Nor the land
Where Apes, and Monkeys, grow, like Crabs, and Wall-nuts
On the same tree, Not all the Catalogue
Of Conjurers, or wise women, bound together
Could have so soone transform'd me, as my Raskall
Did with his whip; Not in outside only,
But in my owne beliefe, I thought my selfe
As perfect a Baboone.

Timia. An Ass, thou wert ever.

Afor. And would have given one legge with all my heart
For good securitie to have beene a man
After three lives, or one and twenty yeares,
Though I had dy'de on Crouches.

Cleon. Never varlets
So triumph'd o're an old fat man: I was famish'd.

Timia. Indeede you are false away.

Afor. Three yeeres of feeding
On Cullises and jelly, though his Cookes
Lard all he eates with marrow, or his doctors
Powre in his mouth Restoratives, as he sleepe
Will not recover him.

Timia. But your Ladiship looks
Sad on the matter, as if she had mis'd
Your ten-crowne Amber Possets, good to smooth
The Cutis, as you call it, and prepare you
Active, and high for an afternoones incounter

The Bond-man.

With a rough gamester, on your couch ; sic on't,
You are growne thriftie, smell like other women ;
The Colledge of Phisicians have not sate,
As they were us'd, in councell how to fill
The cranies in your cheekes or raise a rampire
With Mummy, Ceruses, or Infants fat,
To keepe off age, and time.

Corisc. Pray you, forbear ;

I am an alter'd woman.

Tima. So it seemes ;

A part of your honours ruste stands out of ranke too.

Corisc. No matter, I have other thoughts.

Timag. O strange !

Not ten dayes since it would have vex'd you more,
Then th'losse of your good name ; Pitty, this cure
For your proud itch came no sooner ! Marry, *Olympia*
Seems to beare vp still.

Olymp. I complaine nor, Sir,
I have borne my fortune patiently.

Tima. Thou wer't ever

An excellent bearer ; so is all your tribe,
If you may choose your carriage : How now friend,
Lookes our *Cleora* lovely ?

Leost. In my thoughts, Sir.

*Enter Leosthenes,
and Diphilus with*

Tima. But why this guard ?

a guard.

Diphi. It is *Timoleons* pleasure ;

The slaves have been examin'd, and confesse,
Their ryot tooke beginning from your house :
And the first moover of them to rebellion,
Your slave *Marullo*.

Leost. Ha ! I more, then feare.

Tima. They search boldly.

Timand. You are vnmaner'd Groomes
To pric into my Ladyes private lodgings ;
There's no *Marullo's*, there.

Enter Timandra

Timag. Now I suspect too ;

*Enter Diphilus
with pisander.*

Where found you him ?

Diphi. Close hid in your sisters Chamber.

Timag. Is that the villaines sanctuary ?

Leost. This confirms

Nay, love him truly, yet would not live flav'd
To his jealous humours : Since by the hopes of heaven,
As I am free from violence, in a thought
I am not guilty.

Archid. 'Tis believ'd *Cleora*;

And much the rather, (our great gods be prais'd for't)
In that I finde beyond my hopes, no signe
Of ryot in my house, but all things order'd,
As if I had beene present,

Cleo. May that move you
To pittie poore *Marullo*.

Archid. 'Tis my purpose

To doe him all the good I can, *Cleora* ;
But this offence being against the State,
Must have a publique triall. In the meane time
Be carefull of your selfe, and stand ingag'd
No farther to *Leosthenes*, then you may
Come off with honour : For, being once his wife,
You are no more your owne, nor mine, but must
Resolue to serue, and suffer his commands,
And not dispute 'em ; e're it be too late,
Consider it duly. I must to the Senate. *Exit Archid.*

Cleora. I am much distracted ; in *Leosthenes*

I can finde nothing justly to accuse,
But this excesse of love, which I have studied
To cure with more then common meanes, yet still
It growes vpon him. And if I may call
My suffrings merit, I stand bound to thinke on
Marullos dangers ; though I save his life,
His love is vnrewarded : I confesse,
Both have desreu'd me, yet of force must be
Vnjust to one ? such is my destiny. *Enter Timandra*
How now ? whence flowe these teares ?

Timand. I have met, Madam,
An object of such cruelty, as would force
A Salvage to compassion.

Cleo. Speake, what is it ?

Timan. Men pittie beasts of rapine, if o're-maeth'd
Though bayted for their pleasure : but these monsters
Vpon a man, that can make no resistance,

Are senselesse in their tyranny. Let it be granted,
Marullo is a slave, hee's still a man ;
A capitall offender, yet in justice
Not to be tortur'd, till the Iudge pronounce
His punishment.

Cleo. Where is he?

Timand. Drag'd to prison
With more then barbarous violence, spurn'd and spit on
By the insulting officers, his hands
Pinion'd behinde his backe : loaden with fetters ;
Yet, with a Saint-like patience, he still offers
His face to their rude buffets.

Cleo. O my griev'd soule !
By whose command?

Timand. It seems, my Lord your brother,
For hee's a looker on : and it takes from
Honour'd *Leosthenes* to suffer it,
For his respect to you, whose name in vaine
The griev'd wretch loudly calls on.

Cleo. By *Diana*,
'Tis base in both, and to their teeth I'll tell 'em
That I am wrong'd in't. *As going forth.*

Timand. What will ye doe?

Cleo. In person
Visit, and comfort him.

Timand. That will bring fewell
To the jealous fires, which burne too hot already
In Lord *Leosthenes*.

Cleo. Let them consume him ;
I am Mistris of my selfe. Where Cruelty raignes,
There dwells nor love, nor honour. *Exit Cleora.*

Timand. So, it works.
Though hitherto I have run a desperate course
To serve my brothers purposes, now 'tis fit. *Ent. Leosthenes*
I study mine own ends. They come. Assist me *and Timagoras*
In these my undertakings, Loves great Patron,
As my intents are honest.

Leost. 'Tis my fault.
Distrust from others springs, *Timagoras*,
From diffidence in our selves. But I will strive,

The Bond-man.

With the assurance of my worth, and merits,
To kill this monster, jealousy.

Timag. 'Tis a ghest
In wisdom never to be entertain'd
On triviall probabilities; but when
He does appear in pregnant proofes, not fashion'd
By idle doubts and feares, to be receiv'd,
They make their owne hornes, that are too secure,
As well as such as give them growth, and being
From meere imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's honour equall with mine owne;
And know what large additions of power
This match brings to our family; I preferre
Our friendship, and your peace of minde so farre
Above my owne respects, or hers, that if
She hold not her true value in the test,
'Tis farre from my ambition for her cure,
That you should wound your selfe.

Timand. This argues from me. *man*

Timag. Why she should be so passionate for a Bond-
Falls not in compasse of my understanding,
But for some neerer interest: or he raise
This mutiny, if he lov'd her (as you say,
Shee does confesse, he did) but to enjoy
By faire or foule play, what he venter'd for,
To mee's a Riddie.

Leof. 'Pray you, no more; already
I have answer'd that objection in my strong
Assurance of her vertue.

Timag. 'Tis unfit then,
That I should presse it further.

Timand. Now I must
Make in, or all is lost.

*Timandra steps
out distractedly.*

Timag. What would *Timandra*?

Leof. How wilde she lookes? How is it with thy Lady?

Timag. Collect thy selfe, and speake.

Timand. As you are noble,
Have pittie, or love pietie. Oh!

Leof. Take breath.

Timag. Out with it boldly.

The Bond-man.

Timag. O, the best of Ladyes,
I feare, is gone for ever.

Leost. Who, *Cleora*?

Timag. Deliver, how. 'Sdeath, be a man, Sir speak.

Timand. Take it then in as many sighes, as words
My Lady.

Timag. What of her?

Timand. No sooner heard,
Marullo was imprison'd, but she fell
Into a deadly swoone.

Timag. But she recover'd.
Say so, or he will sinke too, hold, Sir, fie,
This is vnmanly.

Timand. Brought againe to life:
But with much labour; she a while stood silent,
Yet in that interim vented sighes, as if
They labour'd from the prison of her flesh,
To give her grieu'd soule freedom. On the sodaine
Transported on the wings of rage, and sorrow,
She flew out of the house, and unattended
Enter'd the common prison.

Leost. This confirms
What but before I fear'd,

Timand. There you may finde her,
And if you love her as a sister.

Timag. Damme her.

Timand. Or you respect her safetie, as a lover
Procure *Marullos* libertie

Timag. Impudence
Beyond expression.

Leost. Shall I be a Bawd
To her lust, and my dishonour?

Timand. Shee'll runne mad else,
Or doe some violent act upon her selfe.
My Lord her father, sensible of her sufferings,
Labours to gaine his freedom:

Leost. O, the Divell!
Has she bewitch'd him too?

Timan. I'le heare no more.
Come, Sir, wee'll follow her, and if no perswasion

Can make her take againe her naturall forme,
Which by lusts powerfull spell she has cast off,
This Sword shall dis-inchant her,

Leost. O my heart-strings! *Exeunt Leost. and Timagoras*

Timand. I knew 'twould take. Pardon me, faire *Cleora*,
Though I appeare a traytresse, which thou wilt doe
In pittie of my woes, when I make knowne
May lawfull claime, and onely seeke mine owne. *Exit.*

ACT. 5. SC. 2.

Cleora, Jaylor, and Pisander.

Cleo. There's for your privacy. Stay, vnbinde his hands.

Jaylor. I dare not, Madam.

Cleo. I will buy thy danger

Take more gold, doe not trouble me with thanks;
I doe suppose it done. *Exit Jaylor.*

Pisand. My better Angell

Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely;
Since from the choyce of all caelestiall figures,
He could not take a visibill forme so full
Of glorious sweetnesse. *Kneeles.*

Cleo. Rise. I am flesh and blood,

And doe pertake thy tortures.

Pisand. Can it bee?

That charity should perswade you to discend
So farre from your owne height, as to vouchsafe
To looke upon my sufferings? How I blesse
My fetters now, and stand ingag'd to fortune
For my captivity, no, my freedome rather!
For who dares thinke that place a Prison, which
You sanctifie with your presence? or believe,
Sorrow has power to vse her sting on him,
That is in your compassion arm'd, and made
Impregnable? though tyranny raise at once
All engines to assault him.

Cleo. Indeed vertue,
With which you have made evident proofes, that you
Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken
With the shocke of fierce temptations, but still triumphs

The Band-man.

In spite of opposition. For my selfe
I may endeavour to confirme your goodnesse,
(A sure retreat which never will deceive you)
And with vnfeyned teares expresse my sorrow
For what I cannot helpe

Pisand. Doe you weepe for me?
O save that precious balme for noble uses,
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,
Which in your prodigality of pittie
You throw away on me. Tenne of these pearles
Were a large ransome to redeeme a kingdome
From a consuming plague, or stop heavens vengeance
Call'd downe by crying finnes, though at that instant
In dreadfull flashes falling on the rootes
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punish'd
For my intent of violence to such purenesse;
And all the torment flesh is sensible of
A soft and gentle pennance.

Cleora. Which is ended
In this your free confession.

Leost. What an object
Have I encounter'd?

*Enter Leosthenes
and Timagoras.*

Timag. I am blasted too:
Yet heare a little further.

Pisand. Could I expire now,
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes thus
'Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dreame
To be transported, without the helpe of *Charon*
To the Elizian shades. You make me bold:
And but to wish such happinesse, I feare,
May give offence.

Cleo. No, for, beleev't, *Marullo*,
You have woone so much vpon me, that I know not
That happinesse in my gift, but you may challenge.

Leost. Are you yet satisfied?

Cleo. Nor can you wish,
But what my voves will second, though it were
Your freedome first, and then in me full power
To make a second tender of my selfe,
And you receive the present. By this kisse

(From me a virgin bounty) I will practise
 All arts of your deliverance; and that purchas'd
 In what concerns your farther ayemes, I speake it,
 Doe not despise, but hope.

Timag. To have the Hangman,
 When he is married to the crosse, in scorne,
 To say, gods give you joy.

Leof. But looke on me,
 And be not too indulgent to your folly,
 And then (but that griefe stops my speech) imagine,
 What language I should use.

Cleo. Against thy selfe:
 Thy malice cannot reach me.

Timag. How?

Cleo. So, brother;
 Though you joyne in the Dialogue to accuse me,
 What I have done: Ple justifie; and these favours,
 Which you presume will taint me in my honour:
 Though jealousie use all her eyes to spie out
 One stayne in my behaviour, or Envy
 As many tongues to wound it, shall appeare
 My best perfections. For to the world
 I can in my defence alledge such reasons,
 As my accusers shall stand dumbe to heare'em,
 When in his fetters this mans worth and vertues
 But truly told shall shame your boasted glories,
 Which fortune claimes a share in.

Timag. The base villaine?
 Shall never live to beare it. *Enter Archid. Diphilus,*

Cleo. Murther, helpe, *and officers.*
 Through me you shall passe to him.

Archid. What's the matter?
 On whom is your sword drawne? are you a judge?
 Or else ambitious of the hangmans office
 Before it be design'd you? you are bold too,
 Vnhand my daughter.

Leof. Shee's my valours prize.

Archid. With her consent, not otherwise. You may urge
 Your title in the Court; if it prove good,
 Possesse her freely: Guard him safely off too.

Timag.

The Bond-man.

Timag. You'll heare me, Sir ?

Archid. If you have ought to say,
Deliver it in publike ; all shall finde
A just judge of *Timoleon*.

Diphil. You must
Offorce now vse your patience.

Timag. Vengeance rather,
Whirle-windes of rage possesse me ; you are wrong'd
Beyond a Stoicque suffrance, yet you stand,
As you were rooted.

Leof. I feele something here,
That boldly tells me, all the love and service,
I pay Cleora, is anothers due,
And therefore cannot prosper.

Timag. Melancholy,
Which now you must not yeeld to.

Leof. 'Tis apparent.
In fact your sisters innocent, however
Chang'd by her violent will.

Timag. If you believe so,
Follow the chase still : And in open court
Plead your owne interest ; we shall finde the Iudge
Our friend *I feare* not.

Leof. Something *I shall say*,
But what —

Timag. Collect your selfe, as we walke thither.

EXIIT.

ACT. 5 Sc. Vltima.

Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleon, Officers.

Tim. Tis wondrous strange ! nor can it fall within
The reach of my beliefe, a slave should be
The owner of a temperance, which this age
Can hardly paralell in free-borne Lords,
Or Kings proud of their purple.

Archid. 'Tis most true.
And though at first it did appeare a fable,
All circumstances meet to give it credit ;
Which work so on me, that I am compeld
To be a Sator, not be denid,

The Bond-man.

He may have æquall hearing.

Cleora. Sir, you grac'd mee

With the title of your Mistrisse, but my fortune

Is so farre distant from command, that I

Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly

For the preserver of my fame and honour.

And pray you, Sir, in charity beleeve,

That since I had ability of speech,

My tongue has so much beene inur'd to truth,

I know not, how to lye.

Timol. I'll rather doubt

The Oracles of the gods, then question, what

Your innocence delivers : and as farre

As justice with mine honour can give way,

He shall have favour. Bring him in, unbound : *Exeunt Officers.*

And although *Leosthenes* may challenge from me,

For his late worthy seruice, credit to

All things he can alledge in his owne cause,

Marullo (so I thinke you call his name)

Shall finde, I doe reserve one care for him,

To let in mercy. Sit and take your places ; *Enter Cleon, Asotus*

The right of this faire virgin first determin'd, *Diphilus, Olimpia,*

Your Bond-men shall be censur'd.

Corisca.

Cleon. With all rigour

We doe expect.

Corisf. Temper'd, I say, with mercie.

Enter at one dore

Timol. Your hand *Leosthenes* : I cannot doubt *Leosthenes Ti-*

You that have bin victorious in the war,

magoras, at the

Should in a combat fought with words come off, *other Officers*

But with assured triumph.

with Pisander

Leost. My deserts, Sir,

and Timandra,

(If without arrogance I may stile them such)

Arme me from doubt, and feare.

Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken :

Nor be thou daunted (howsoere thy fortune

Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speake thy merits ?

For vertue though in raggs may challenge more

Then vice set off with all the trimme of greatnesse.

Pisand. I had rather fall under so just a judge,

Then be acquitted by a man corrupt

The Bond-man.

And partiall in his censure.

Archid. Note his language,
It relishes of better breeding than
His present state dares promise.

Timol. I obserue it.

Place the faire Lady in the midst, that both
Looking with coverous eies upon the prize
They are to plead for, may from the faire object,
Teach *Hermes* eloquence.

Leost. Am I fall'n so lowe,
My birth, my honour, and what's dearest to me,
My love, and witnesse of my love, my service,
So under-valew'd that I must contend
With one, where my excesse of glory must
Make his o'rethrow a conquest? shall my fulnesse
Supply defects in such a thing that never
Knew any thing but want and emptinesse?
Give him a name, and keepe it such from this
Vnequall competition? if my pride
Or any bold assurance of my worth,
Has pluck'd this mountaine of disgrace upon me,
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if
I have bene modest, and esteem'd my selfe
More injur'd in the tribute of the praise,
Which no desert of mine priz'd by self-love
Ever exacted; may this cause, and minute
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
Vpon mine anger, and now turne to you
Ingratefull faire one; and since you are such,
'Tis lawfull for me to proclaime my selfe,
And what I have deserv'd.

Cleo. Neglect, and scorne
From me for this proud vaunt.

Leost. You nourish, Lady
Your owne dishonor in this harsh replie,
And almost prove what some hold of your sex.
You are made up of passion. For if reason
Or judgment could finde entertainment with you,
Or that you would distinguish of the objects
You looke on in a true glasse, not seduc'd

By the false light of your too violent will,
I should not neede to plead for that, which you
With joy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish
Or does my wealth, which all the vaine expence
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?
The honours I can call mine own, thought scandals;
Am I deform'd, or for my fathers sinnes
Mulcted by nature? if you interpret these
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yeeld up my selfe
Most miserably guilty. But perhaps
(Which yet I would not credit) you have seene
This gallant, pitch the barre, or beare a burthen
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bond-man
Or any other boistrous exercise,
Assuring a strong back to satisfie
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.

Cleo. You are foule mouth'd.

Archid. Ill manner'd too.

Leoff. I speake

In the way of supposition, and intreate you
With all the fervor of a constant lover,
That you would free your self from these aspersions
Or any imputation black tongu'd Slaunder
Could throw on your unspotted virgin-whiteneesse;
To which there is no easier way, then by
Vouchsafing him in your favour; him, to whom
Next to the Generall, and the gods, and fautors,
The countrie owes her safetie.

Timag. Are you stupid?

'Slight leape into his armes, and there aske pardon
O, you expect your slaves reply, no doubt
We shall have a fine oration; I will teach
My Spanieil to howle in sweeter language,
And keepe a better method.

Archid. You forget.

The dignitie of the place.

Diph. Silence.

Timo. Speake boldly.

Pisand. 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,
I should be dumbe else; and I am secure,

I cannot cloath my thoughts, and just defence
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appeare
Equall, if not above my lowe condition.
I need no bombast language, stolne from such,
As make Nobilitie from prodigious termes
The hearers understand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number
Vncertaine fortunes favours, with my merits ;
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her descretion, that lookes on me
As a weake man, and not her fancies Idoll.
How I have lov'd, and how much I have suffer'd,
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen
Of my ambitious hopes (in ayming at
The giad possession of a happinesse
The abstract of all goodnesse in mankinde
Can at no part deserve) with my confession
Of mine owne wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure desires, not blended with
Foule thoughts, that like a River keeps his course
Retaining still the cleerenesse of the spring,
From whence it tooke beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance ; then I dare rise up
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never
Durst doubt her constancie, that like a rocke
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waves ; nor from my jealous feares
Question that goodnesse, to which as an altar
Of all perfection, he hath truly lov'd
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,
Then raze it with the engines of suspicion ;
Of which when he can wash an *Æthiophe* white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himselfe ;
But till then never.

Timag. Bold presumptuous villaine.

Pisand. I will go farther, and make good upon him
In the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,
Hee's more unworthy, then my selfe.

Leost. Thou lyest.

Timag. Confute him with a whippe, and the doubt decided,
Punish

Punish him with a halter.

Pisand. O the gods!

My ribs, though made of Brasse can not containe.

My heart swolne big with rage. The lye! Whip? *Plucks off his*

Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which *disguise.*

I long have mask'd disguis'd; that when they know,

Whom they have injur'd, they may faint with horror

Of my revenge, which wretched men expect,

As sure as fate to suffer.

Leost. Ha! *Pisander!*

Timag. 'Tis the bold Theban!

Asof. Ther's no hope for me then:

I thought I should have put in for a share,

And borne *Cleora* from them both; but now

This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not

So much as looke on her.

Pisand. Now as my selfe,

Thy equall, at thy best, *Leosthenes.*

For you *Timagoras*; praise heav'n, you were borne

Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.

But I loose time. The base lie cast upon me,

I thus returne: thou art a perjur'd man,

Falſe and perfidious: and hast made a tender

Of love, and service to this Lady; when

Thy soule (if thou hast any) can beare witness,

That thou wert not thine owne. For prooffe of this

Looke better on this virgin, and consider

This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing

In a Greekiſh dresse, such as when first you saw her,

If she resemble not *Pisanders* sister,

One, call'd *Statilia*?

Leost. 'Tis the same! my guilt

So chokes my spirits: I cannot denie

My falshood, nor excuse it.

Pisand. This is she

To whom thou wert contracted: this the Lady,

That when thou wert my prisoner fairly taken

In the *Spartan* warre, that beg'd thy libertie,

And with it gave her selfe to thee ungratefull.

Timand. No more, Sir, I intreat you; I perceive

True sorrow in his lookes, and a consent
To make me reparation in mine honour,
And then I am most happy.

Pisand. The wrong done her,
Drew me from *Thebes* with a full intent to kill thee;
But this faire object, met me in my furie
And quite disfirm'd me, being deni'd to have her
By you my Lord *Archidamus*, and not able
To live farre from her, love (the mistresse of
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who as a Pirate sold me
For a slave to you my Lord, and gave my sister
As a present to *Cleora*.

Timol. Strange Meanders!

Pisand. There how I bare my self needs no relation.
But if so farre descending from the height
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a man, to have meanes only
To feed my eye, with the sight of what I honour'd,
The dangers too I underwent; the saffrings;
The cleerenesse of my interest may deserve
A noble recompence in your lawfull favour.
Now 'tis apparent that *Leosthenes*
Can claime no interest in you, you may please
To thinke upon my service.

Cleo. Sir, my want
Of power to satisfie so great a debt,
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that
Out of the bountie of your minde, you thinke,
A free surrender of my selfe full payment,
I gladly tender it.

Archid. With my consent too
All injuries forgotten.

Timag. I will studie
In my future service to deserve your fauour
And good opinion.

Leost. Thus I gladly see
This aduocate to plead for me.

Pisand. You will find me
An easie judge, when I have yeilded reasons

The Bond-man.

Of your Bond-mens falling off from their obedience,
And after, as you please, determine of me.
I found their natures apt to mutinie
From your too cruell usage; and made triall
How farre they might be wrought on; to instruct you
To looke with more prevention, and care
To what they may hereafter undertake
Vpon the like occasions. The hurt's little
They have committed, nor was ever cure
But with some paine effected. I confesse
In hope to force a grant of faire *Cleora*
I urg'd them to defend the Towne against you;
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that
I was preparing of defence else-where;
So soone got entrance; in this I am guiltie,
Now as you please, your censure.

Timol. Bring them in,
And though you have given me power, I do intreat
Such as have undergone their insolence,
It may not be offensive though I study
Pitty more then revenge.

Coris. 'Twill best become you.

Cleon. I must consent.

Afot. For me, I'll finde a time
To be reveng'd hereafter.

*Gracculo, Cimbrio, Poliphron, Zanthia, and the
rest with Halter's.*

Gracc. Give me leave,
He speake for all.

Timol. What canst thou say to hinder
The course of justice?

Gracc. Nothing. You may see
We are prepar'd for hanging, and confesse
We have deserv'd it. Our most humble suite is
We may not twice be executed.

Timol. 'Twice? how meanest thou!
At the Gallowes first, and after in a Ballad (Rimers
Sung to some villanous tune. There are ten-groat-

About the Towne growne fat on these occasions.
Let but a Chappell fall, or a street be fir'd,
A foolish lover hang himselfe for pure love,
Or any such like accident, and before
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd Ditties made
Which makes their ghosts walke. Let the State take order
For the redresse of this abuse, recording
'Twas done by my advise, and for my part
I'le cut as cleane a caper from the Ladder,
As ever merry Greeke did.

Timol. Yet I thinke
You would shew more activity to delight
Your master for a pardon.

Gracc. O, I would dance *Capers.*
As I were all ayre, and fire.

Timol. And ever be
Obedient and humble

Gracc. As his Spaniell,
Though he kickt me for exercise, and the like
I promise for all the rest.

Timol. Rise then, you have it.

All slaves. *Timoleon, Timoleon!*

Timol. Cease these clamors.
And now the warre being ended to our wishes,
And such as went the pilgrimage of love,
Happy in full fruition of their hopes,
'Tis lawfull thanks paid to the powers divine
To drowne our cares in honest mirth, and Wine.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



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